Edward Griffith. 1780

THE TRIFLER:

OR,

A RAMBLE AMONG THE WILDS OF FANCY, THE WORKS OF NATURE, AND THE MANNERS OF MEN.

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THE TRIFLER.

CHAP. XXIV.

AS it is the greateſt affront that you can poſſibly offer a man, to call him a *Fool*, ſo nothing is ſo valuable, in his opinion, as to be thought *wiſe*.

Hence ariſes an univerſal ſtruggle for ſuperiority of parts. — Hence proceeds that EMULATION, which,

like the ſpring that moves, inflames, and preſerves the ſun in all its glory, has raiſed ſome earthly ſpirits to the higheſt pinnacle of human grandeur; while, on the contrary, this reſtleſs diſturber of our repoſe, like a baleful fiend of darkneſs, has plunged thouſands of the deſperate pretenders to merit and abilities, into the bottomleſs pit of ſorrow and contempt.

It would produce moſt excellent *fun*, (an epithet which I conceive is applicable enough upon this occaſion) to obſerve the jealouſy that preſides among the *ſcribblers* in general, or the minor candidates, of all denominations, for FAME; when they happen to be known to each other,

other, and to a trifling circle of mankind, which they, according to their vaſt and enlarged ideas of NOTHING, very properly entitle the WORLD.

Without entering minutely into the cauſes and effects of jealouſy, which, no doubt, have been oftentimes curiouſly diſſected, and cut all to pieces; let us juſt, for the ſake of merriment, take notice of a few of thoſe inſtances of it, which are exemplified among the honourable fraternity of cotemporary *authors* and *projectors*; but particularly among the *ſmall craft* above-mentioned.

As to authors of reputation, of known and approved abilities, they

have as little cauſe to be jealous, as they are, in general, free from the paſſion; though if we will believe Mr. *Pope*, one of the greateſt and moſt amiable of men "could not bear a rival."—*Swift*, it is ſaid, diſclaimed, and in reality was above, ſuch groveling feelings.—As to the reſt of thoſe bright luminaries, who have enlightened the world by their diſcoveries, charmed it with the harmony of their numbers, or chaſtiſed it with the ſeverity and juſtneſs of their ſatire; if they have ever been touched by the tormenting ſtings of jealouſy, we muſt reckon the paſſion, as one of thoſe inſurmountable difficulties, which the beſt of us cannot

ſubdue,

ſubdue, and lament it as the unavoidable lot of humanity.

But the operations of this cruel *ſorcereſs*, upon the minds of our *little heroes*, are really diverting:—and the ſubject is properly adapted to the animadverſions of the TRIFLER; as he thinks it abſolutely neceſſary, to reconcile his *brethren*, if poſſible, to one another.

It is a maxim, which ſeems to hold good in general, that were you to expatiate to eternity upon the the pleaſures and advantages of *virtue*, you would never gain the attention of mankind, in any degree that will bear the leaſt compariſon, to a

proper diſplay of the enormity and abſurdity of *vice*.

In like manner you would rather promote, than repel the follies of the world, were you to be ſerious over the leaſt criminal of our actions, inſtead of endeavouring to laugh them out of countenance.

Hence ariſe the neceſſity, and the ſervices of *ſatire*;---which like a ſevere cenſor, keeps mankind in awe, while the mild and lenitive *inſtructor*, is admired, neglected, and forgotten!

What could you poſſibly ſay to a little inſignificant animal, that was attempting to overcome, and chaſtiſe a giant;

a giant; but that he was an *imp*, a *coxcomb*, a *monkey* and a *blockhead* for his pains?—Theſe, or ſuch like epithets, properly beſtowed, would have much more weight with him, than all the peaceable, reaſonable, and ſerene diſſuaſives you could offer.

A kind and gentle manner of treating ſuch a patient as this, would only ſerve to make him think himſelf of conſequence, and deſpiſe your advice; while a juſt ſeverity, in expoſing him to ridicule and contempt, would plunge him, at once, into his intrinſic imbecility, and really tend to convince him of his folly and preſumption.

----Only take care to be ſure of your hand, before you attack him, leſt you ſhould catch a *Tartar*.---- But this by the bye.----

Then who, in the name of wonder; of all the gods and goddeſſes; of German wits, doctors, quacks, dentiſts, and merry-andrews; can help laughing at the confuſion there is among the rival *paper-ſcratchers*; the *prolific ſchemers*; the *great reaſoners*; the *ſmall criticks*; the *pert cavillers*; the *deep thinkers*; the *profound judges*; and all the tribe of thoſe *caterpillars* that prey upon the ſoft and flexible extremities of difficult ſubjects, without being in the leaſt

leaſt acquainted with the foundations from whence they ſpring, or the materials of which they are compoſed; but, like the inſects referred to, deſtroy as far as they proceed, and blight the faireſt fruits of the creation?

And yet ſuch *things* as theſe are jealous of each other!----

A *ſcribbler* can never bear the ſight of a brother ſcribbler.----

If, from his acquaintance with the object of his ſpleen, or from the frequency of his being in company with his hateful rival for fame, or the *pence*, he thinks it neceſſary to

be civil; his good humour or ſociableneſs is conſtrained and affected:----For, like a thief in the dark, he would ſtab the Man whom he careſſes, were it in his power to do it with impunity, and gain, by the atrocious deed, the fancied laurels which are gathering about his head.

All that affected indifference which you may perceive among theſe *paper-ſcratchers*, with reſpect to the efforts of each other, they pompouſly put on, for no other purpoſe than to enhance their own importance, and to leſſen their rivals in the eſtimation of mankind.

It is a uſual method, with the moſt egregious blockheads, that ever plagued the world with their folly, to ſmile at the attempts of other people, as traſh and impertinence, totally beneath their notice; while they are inwardly racked to death with malice and indignation.

How ſtrange and lamentable it appears, that ſuch violent emotions ſhould torture the human breaſt, about things utterly indifferent, and inſignificant in themſelves.----

For, perhaps, all this terrible commotion, that ſets the moſt turbulent of the paſſions at variance, among the

the *underſtrappers* in literature, proceeds from nothing more than a preposterous deſire, to obtain a ſcrap of reputation, in conſequence of their having written eſſays for the newspapers, which nobody read ;-----or publiſhed volumes upon volumes, which the world never heard of.

It would prove no leſs humorous than melancholy, to take notice of the reſt of thoſe bright ſpirits, that are eternally claſhing againſt each other ; and thereby inflaming, fomenting, and conſuming, the moſt irritable and leaſt durable of all the works of heaven.

A *pro-*

A *prolific ſchemer*, is ſick to death at the appearance of one of his own ſpecies.

How theſe creatures will ſnarl, and ſcowl, and ſneer at one another!

Sometimes they affect to look big, and are proud, and important ---At other times they are very indifferent indeed, to every thing ſublunary ---not excepting even their own conſequence!

So various are the manners of theſe worthies, that it is oftentimes difficult, to catch at any one particular circumſtance, in their deportment,

ment, which will be ſufficient to diſtinguiſh their characters, or direct, as a leading mark, to the abſurdities within.------

Strange would it ſeem indeed to men not much uſed to the company of theſe animals, to find a ſet of mortals, ſo very great and magnanimous, about the moſt contemptible efforts of the human mind; and who are ſo unſucceſsful and unfortunate, amidſt all their glory, that, whether to laugh or cry, with propriety, at their diſappointments, it would puzzle all the caſuiſts in the world to determine.

Now

----Now your *great reaſoners* are the moſt ſhocking fellows in the univerſe----for they will harp, and fetch, and carry; and teaſe, and torture, and wrack, and puzzle you to death:---- and all about the ſame thing---or ſomething elſe----or, even, nothing at all.----For it is impoſſible for the cleareſt head imaginable to find out, where they *have* been---- where they *now* are----or *what* they mean to be about.

If one of theſe monſters ſhould faſten upon your ear, the Lord have mercy on you! he will be a worſe peſt to you than a *long ſtory-teller*; ----and worry you with more delibe-

rate

rate vengeance, and unrelenting fury, than a *maſtiff* lugs a *pig*. —He will certainly make a beaſt of you, or himſelf; and therefore avoid him as you would the plague.

A *ſmall critick*, like a pitiful *curr*, ſnarls at every thing, without taſte or diſcernment;----and ought to be ſilenced, like his brethren, with a *whip* and *bells* when he becomes troubleſome and impertinent.

Your *pert cavillers* are very ſaucy raſcals; and care not a farthing for any thing upon the face of the earth.---They will ſnap you up, and every tittle you have ſaid, in a minute.---They will ſwallow you, and

all

all the company, at a mouthful.----- they are ſad dogs, and deſerve to be toſſed in a blanket, twenty times a day.

Your *deep thinkers*, conceive, and conceive, and conceive; — but the devil of any thing they bring forth. —They acquire reputation at a very little expence: For their province lying in thinking, without utterance; they can conceal their want of underſtanding, under the never to be worn out maſk of wiſdom — *gravity and taciturnity.*

But your *profound judges* are the moſt dreadful, of all our ſtring of *little heroes.* They conſider cauſes

and

and effects, abſtracted from common ſenſe, and from every motive that ſettles the opinions of the reſt of mankind.—They ſee things as clear as noonday, which the brighteſt intellects cannot enable other men to diſcover: and are never in the humour, if capable, to perceive the true ſenſe of your thoughts, and obſervations, though all the world ſhould join in its applauſe, and approbation, in conſequence of the juſtneſs, elegance, and propriety of your ideas.

Now fancy to yourſelf a ſet of ſuch beings as theſe, in company.—Such various characters muſt make a ſtrange medley.—And yet I queſtion,

tion, if moſt of the meetings of men, are not compoſed of theſe very materials.—

They may not be ſo highly finiſhed in ſome places, as in others—for when they are well choſen, they are ſure to go to *loggerheads*; — to get together by the ears;—and kick up ſuch a terrible uproar and confuſion, as would amaze and confound ordinary people.—

Emulation ſpurring them on to riſe ſuperior to their neighbours; and JEALOUSY, the never-failing companion of little minds, ſouring their tempers, and puffing them up with ſpleen, envy, hatred, and malice,

lice, it is not to be wondered that there ſhould be ſo much wrangling, diſputing, and quarreling, about *nothing*, as we generally find in ſociety: —eſpecially when we rightly conſider the firſt cauſe, that ſets theſe imps of darkneſs in motion.—That univerſal dread of FOLLY, and admiration of WISDOM, which, notwithſtanding all appearances to the contrary, and the meaſures we take, to prove ourſelves rather the votaries of the former, than of the latter, ſeems to be implanted in us by NATURE.

CHAP. XXV.

Muſic has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,
To ſoften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

IT has been a cuſtom, time out of mind, for an author, on his firſt appearance in public; to batter down, as faſt as poſſible, the methods by which his predeceſſors have arrived at fame and conſequence in the world:—therefore, according to this laudable attempt; ſo frequently practiſed, and with ſuch little ſucceſs;

ceſs; I muſt take leave to be ſomewhat ſmart, or fooliſh, upon the general plan of *mottos*, which the *moraliſts*, in particular, of every denomination, have laviſhed ſo profuſely, upon their aſtoniſhed and confounded readers.

A *motto* in the front of an eſſay, like an obliterated *ſign* at the door of a tavern, anſwers no other end than to denote to the paſſenger, that there is ſome kind of entertainment within; but whether it is good or bad, muſt utterly depend upon the trial:—and after all, if he finds himſelf not deceived by the hieroglyphics without; he will leave the houſe,

houſe, with this reflection upon it, that *good wine needs no buſh.*

We find ſo many things in this world to laugh at, that one would think it almoſt impoſſible to be grave at any thing.—

For the ſoul of me I cannot help ſmiling, even at a great author, be the cuſtom ever ſo ancient and authentic, who, in writing as a general moraliſt, for the amuſement and inſtruction of the multitude, places, indiſcriminately, a *motto* at the front of his paper or eſſay, which, when it appears in engliſh, cannot be applied until the eſſay or paper is read,

and then it becomes unneceſſary, and of no manner of uſe.

Of all the abſurdities that were ever committed by wiſe men, I think that of giving Greek or Latin *mottos* to moral eſſays, written purpoſely for the benefit of the common people of England; or the *ladies* of this land in general, is the moſt enormous and inexcuſable.

Theſe *mottos* can render no better ſervice, and I defy all the *ſchool-maſters* in the kingdom, to prove the contrary, than that ſingle, poor advantage of pointing out a *linguiſt*, and a *pedant*.

There is nothing, I grant you, graces a ſubject more, than a fine ſtroke of a great author, when it falls, of itſelf, plump upon you, in the midſt of your career; but when it is hauled in, upon every occaſion, it palls upon the appetite; and the leaſt irkſome of its effects upon the reader, if it has any at all, is its inſipidity.

I wonder how it was poſſible for the ancients to have been ſo clever, as it is ſaid they were; unleſs it can be proved, that they had other ancients to copy from; and that they received all their inſtructions from former hands, without learning any

thing of themſelves:—For with us, it is accounted a great hereſy for a man to ſet up for himſelf: and it is evident, from the general turn of our beſt authors, that they thought it their greateſt glory, to approve themſelves the faithful ſlaves, copiſts, imitators, and idolators of the old heathen philoſophers.—

O! what a charm there is in quoting him, that quoted him, that quoted PLATO!—O! what faſcination and aſtoniſhment in the ſound!—O! *Pythageras! Pythagoras! Pythagoras!* — to ſpeak of him is delectable!—O! *Socrates! Socrates! Socrates!*—zounds! why ſuch names as theſe, grown venerable by age, as

Nicholas

Nicholas and *Timothy* may in time, are ſufficient to ſcreen you from the ſad effects of criticiſm, were you to prove yourſelf, according to all the rules of common ſenſe, the vileſt fool in Chriſtendom!

I will appeal even to the learned, if there can be any rational excuſe produced, for authors, who, in writing upon the common failings of mankind, interlard their works with ſuch a number of greek and latin quotations.

They are the more inexcuſable, becauſe they do it with a pragmatical deſign only, to ſhew their *learning*:—unleſs, like the papiſts, theſe

moraliſts look upon it, that all who are not within the pale of the languages, will inevitably be damned; and that their works were never intended to be read by the vulgar.

I ſhould think, a man whoſe head is crammed with ſo many maſterly ſtrokes of ancient authors, can have but very few of his own; or, elſe, he is the vileſt ſlave upon earth, and ought to be whipped at the cart's tail, for his meanneſs and poorneſs of ſpirit.

If an author of this ſtamp, gets into a train of thinking which may be called his own, and riſes, in his ſubject, with a little fire and ſpirit, towards

towards perfection; juſt in the meridian of all his glory, when his warm imagination, if let alone, might prompt ſome magnificent ſentence, to his honour, and to the credit of the Engliſh tongue, and for his purpoſe, better a thouſand times, than all the ancients ever produced; he ſcreens himſelf, like a coward, under ſome greek or latin quotation; and becomes utterly unintelligible to the generality of his readers; and to thoſe who do underſtand him, in ſpite of all their affectation, he muſt appear, with his *borrowed* rays, feeble, enervated, and flat.

This faſhionable cuſtom, among our authors, puts me in mind of an

impudent, illiterate, chattering fellow, who, when he was put to a ſhift, or had a mind to grace his ſubject, would either drink an obſcene toaſt, or, much to the edification of the company, cry out—*Tantarabobus populorem tu !*—

CHAP. XXVI.

BUT that we may not forget the divine obſervation of the poet, which we left in very bad company, as a melancholy *motto*, at the front of the laſt chapter, let us now endeavour to do juſtice to ſuch an excellent ſentence, by aſſerting that it, with many others which might be produced, will ever ſtand as undeniable proofs, that, where the minds of the moderns are not bound by the tyranny of imitation, but freely exerciſed to their utmoſt extent, the latter heroes of the *pen* will

equal, if not excel the former; or at leaſt, they may with very good reaſon on their ſide, ſet their antiquated maſters at defiance.

Muſic has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,
To ſoften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

Methinks I could read it, I could ſpeak it, I could think of it for ever!

It is *muſic* herſelf, ſpeaking her own praiſe; for there is more bewitching harmony in the words, than in all the lofty ſtrains of Handel!

I perceive

I perceive this very thought, to have attuned my ſoul to ſuch unuſual raptures, that the ſword of ſatire falls from my hand, blun ed and harmleſs as a ſhepherd's crook!

(Very *harmleſs* indeed! ſay the critics.)

And now I'll ſing of maidens fair; of daiſies pied, and violets blue---of beauty, love, friendſhip, and the ſocial virtues.

Beauty has been celebrated by the poets, and other excellent authors, ſo often, and ſo extravagantly, that a man of much reading, great memory, and little genius, would

produce you fifty ſtanzas, and five and twenty paragraphs, in praiſe of it, in the twinkling of an eye.

If one could but exactly deſcribe one's feelings, at the ſight of a fine woman, they would be very amuſing to thoſe who are admirers of the ſex.

----Not in that uſual, high-flown, ſing-ſong ſtrain of praiſe and adulation, which means nothing; but in a cool, deliberate, and diſtinct recital of thoſe ſweet emotions, as they ariſe in the human breaſt, while we contemplate a beauty.

For inſtance.---Can you tell what it is you feel, when the faſcinating eyes

eyes of a fair lady, meet your own; particularly, when they remain fixed upon you for a few ſeconds; and then, as if recollecting ſomething wrong, they fall upon her breaſt, half cloſed; while the conſcious tinge juſt croſſes her lovely cheeks? ---When, immediately after, as if nothing was the matter, thoſe ſparkling brilliants, ſeem indifferently to range, to the right, or to the left, and at laſt are fixed upon vacancy? ---When the lady, for the life of her, cannot keep them ſteady any longer, but, every now and then, they will turn to the object, whether agreeable or diſagreeable, that firſt caught their attention?---- When, rather embarraſſed by this ſimple,

ſilent,

ſilent, but bewitching conteſt, the lady perhaps retires in ſome trifling, but no unpleaſing confuſion; ſatisfied and convinced that ſhe is the cauſe of raptures inexpreſſible?----

Tell me, if you can, what it is that puts you in a kind of ſhivering fit, and gives you a ſort of convulſive rap upon the nerves, when this divine creature, in jerking out of the room, unwittingly, and by an accidental flirt of her ſack, diſcovers to you nine inches and a half of her leg?---

Deſcribe to me the nature of thoſe frights you are thrown into, when the lady as ſhe is ſitting, and talking

ing ſo prettily about this thing, and that thing, careleſsly whips one knee over the other, and back again, without the leaſt knowledge of the matter ?----

Do, for heaven's ſake, let me know how you find yourſelf, when upon theſe graceful and enchanting motions of the nymph, you behold the hem on the inſide of her petticoat, the wrinkle of her ſtocking, or ruminate upon the by no means concealed ſymmetry and harmony of her ſoft and tender limbs ?----

O! but when ſhe titters, and laughs until ſhe chuckles, as if love's flames and darts were ſtruggling within

within her boſom, and ſtriving to be relieved, do inform me of that which flutters about your heart?---

And then as ſhe trips, or leans, or ſtretches, and repels you; or ſighs, or ſobs, and admits you; while the *graces* adjuſt every action, and perfect *innocence* preſides over the liſtleſs and ſimple efforts of the *charmer*; pray tell me what the devil is the matter with your pulſe?----what makes it in ſuch a hurry?----Why does your heart beat as if it would burſt?----Why do your knees totter, your legs tremble, and your hands ſhake?----And, laſtly, how comes it to paſs, that there ſhould be ſuch a violent throbbing on the backſide of your

your head, as if your pulſe was determined to knock out your brains?

----What is it, I pray you, when you lightly touch her finger, feel the hem of her garment, or bruſh againſt her as ſhe paſſes by you, that creeps through your whole frame, and plunges you into ſuch a terrible perſpiration?----

O lord!----but my dear friend---- how are you, when your knees, by ſome accident or other, are ſhoved againſt her's---- but particularly if the lady's incline towards the touch, and ſuffer a momentary, entangled preſſure?----

O God!

O God! I am afraid you would cry, it is too much !----and curſe the witling that would attempt to deſcribe your feelings.

Theſe are love's flames, his darts; they are the arms of *Cupid*, with which he transfixes thouſands: ---- And how trifling ſoever they may appear to the old, the grave, or the frigid, they have a great deal to do in life; and are the forerunners of the happineſs, or the miſery, of three parts out of four of his majeſty's ſubjects.

It is ſaid, that notwithſtanding the ladies know ſo well how to enſlave us,

us, and are ſo univerſally induſtrious in this great buſineſs of their lives, yet, when they have once got us faſt into the net, they throw away thoſe baits with which they caught us, and become afterwards, as indifferent and ſlovenly, as they were, before, warm and delicate.

It would be a difficult taſk to ſet this affair right.

Some people think, that the charms and enjoyments which are to be met with in women, conſiſt in modeſt dalliance; in the war of eyes; in wiſhes and deſires, which once gratified to the full, it is all over, and you are undone:----Away

flies

flies *Cupid* with all his train:----The charmer charms no more:----and the entire poſſeſſion of the moſt delightful form will not compenſate for the raptures of concealment; and the longings after thoſe hidden treaſures, which give you ſo much pleaſure in the purſuit, and which, when explored, prove taſtleſs and inſipid.

Others are of opinion, that the ſudden change after poſſeſſion, ariſes from thoſe extravagant ideas the ladies form to themſelves, of the raptures and delights, which they are to experience in the marriage-ſtate. ----But, unluckily, the idol whom they adore; the God of their affections, who is to treat them with the

joys

joys of heaven; turns out a meer man; and perhaps a naſty, ſlovenly, ill-natured, moroſe, diſagreeable fellow.

The ſexes, before they get together, certainly deceive each other. They are ever officious to pleaſe. There is not a wry word paſſes between them. It is all joy, laugh, riot, expectation and indulgence.---- The lady hears nothing but her own praiſe; and the gentleman thinks her an angel.----He would fall down dead upon the ſpot, if ſhe ſhould frown; for he lives upon her ſmiles; and ſhe, poor creature, would not ſuffer him to die for the world.------ Thus they are ſo loving, ſo ſweet, and

and ſo endearing, that it is impoſſible all this ſhould laſt for life.----- They both find themſelves deceived: and unleſs good ſenſe and friendſhip ſtep in to their aid, they are ruined: ---A life of perpetual cavilling and diſlike is the conſequence; and it is well if that is all.

CHAP. XXVII.

LOVE being a fever in the blood: a hot purient *furor*, directed to a certain object, and for certain purpoſes; in which reaſon is ſtrangled, judgment is poiſoned, and common ſenſe is tortured to death; it is no wonder we ſhould ſee ſo many monſtrous matches in the world:—for you ſhall find this paſſion, fix itſelf upon two perſons as different in their tempers as poſſible. The man ſhall be as meek as a quaker, while the woman ſhall be an arrant ſcold. The one ſhall be knowing,

knowing, the other fooliſh: or both obſtinate, perverſe, peeviſh, untoward and croſs grained.

Now when the fumes that bring ſuch jarring elements together as theſe, are diſpelled, and the lovers begin to look at one another in all their naked deformity; you may eaſily conceive what a fine buſineſs they have made of it.

So whimſical is this paſſion, called love, that you may often obſerve it force a beautiful woman, one of the moſt lovely and ſenſible of her ſex, into the embraces of one of the moſt notorious, the moſt worthleſs, and what is ſtill more extraordinary, the moſt ugly ſcoundrels upon earth.

A man

A man of great worth and underſtanding, influenced by this ſtupid paſſion, ſhall fall a prey to a jade, a vile baggage, nay even an infamous ſtrumpet; and make himſelf, in the eyes of the world, ridiculous and contemptible for ever.

To pretend to account for the vagaries of this fooliſh frenſy, would make a *Midas* of you at once:—for the unhappy patient, in the height of his fit, cannot think what the devil is the matter with him: what fury has poſſeſſed him: why he can never ſit ſtill: what makes him always on the fret: why he ſhould be ſo jealous and peeviſh: what makes him look ſo lean and hagard: why

he talks in his ſleep: why he dreams, and whimpers, and ſtarts, and ſighs as if his heart would break: why he ſhould neither be happy with the beloved object, nor without her: why he ſhould be always quarrelling, when he ſhould be kiſſing: why he ſwears, and curſes, and damns his blood to hell if ever he ſees her more, and runs to her the next minute: why he ſhould look ſo keen at the fair-one, and interpret every glance and ſimper to his diſadvantage: why he ſhould ſee a rival in her eyes, while ſhe is proteſting that ſhe loves him better than her favourite *Tib*: why he ſhould be ſo diſſatisfied with every thing; never at reſt; a poor, forlorn, wretched

wanderer

wanderer upon the face of the earth; without peace; without hope; a prey to childiſh tears, unmanly lamentation, and black deſpair!

Since then this cruel paſſion lights upon us as caprice or whim directs; ſince *love*, as the ladies will own, is blind; and is excited in the breaſts of the unhappy ſufferers, by the moſt trifling, odd, and ridiculous adventures: ſince a *dimple*, and a long *queue* will ſet the ſexes a madding; and ſo far deprive them of the uſe of their faculties, that they ſhall not, in reality, know each other until the fit is over; it behoves both parties, when that cool hour of deliberate cogitation arrives, to be very

cautious and circumſpect in their deportment: to conſider well the temper of the former charmer: and, of all things, to avoid diſputes and different opinions: to pull both one way; not tranſverſely: and to make the beſt of a bad bargain.

This is the time for the cultivation of that cold word *eſteem*, which the ladies are ſo ſhocked at in the profeſſions of a lover.

" Eſteem indeed! monſtrous! I " ſhould not have thought of it!— " Pray, Sir, let me hear no more of " your eſteem:—for if that is all I " am to expect from you, Sir, do " leave me for ever.—O dear!

" —O

" —O dear! — O dear! — that it
" ſhould ever come to this! — I
" ſhall break my heart — I muſt
" cry------weyue!" . . . . .

This frigid word *eſteem*, properly underſtood and applied, will be of more real benefit to the hapleſs pair, who are joined *for better and for worſe*, than all the warm epithets of love put together.

But when thoſe violent emotions; thoſe flames that rage in the blood, and ſet the affections in an uproar; gradually ſink into a ſolid *friendſhip* (which is no uncommon caſe) the marriage ſtate muſt be the happieſt in the world.—This may be called a

ſecond birth: friendſhip qualifies the extravagances of love; and renders even the perſonal enjoyments more compleat and reliſhing.

It is love conſolidated, and drawn into real uſe.

It is making a *bleſſing* of an *evil*; and turning the current of that ſtream, which would drown us, into thoſe delightful plains that will grow more fertile by the viſitation; and cheriſh us, in conſequence of it, with the moſt comfortable nutriment, and the moſt perfect dainties.

Love thus faſtened to *friendſhip*, is that ſoft and gentle flame which never dies!—

The

The hot, feverish complaints of the turbulent and fickle passion, are cured by *friendship*, and rendered subservient to the laws of reason, judgment, and common sense.

It has been frequently urged, and with much plausibility, that the cultivation of this esteem and friendship, should be thought of before marriage. So it should:---But the matter stands whether it ever is, or can be thought of to any purpose, by such young, giddy, hot-brained creatures, as generally fall in love with one another.---No---it is always left for after-consideration; when the couple is come to their

ſenſes, and find that they muſt make a virtue of neceſſity.

The firſt ſymptoms that are felt to the diſadvantage of matrimony, are ſated enjoyments. That glut, or thoſe overflowings of bliſs which cloy nature; and are not to be kept up, for any conſiderable time, with the ſame energy and reſolution, which novelty inſpires. And although thoſe pleaſures, which are ſo ardently ſought after, may not be the ſole reaſons, that prudence would give, for a junction of the ſexes; yet the young *folks*, I'll be bound for them, never think of any thing elſe. At leaſt the cares and anxieties, that muſt inevitably enſue

in

in the long courſe of their future lives, are totally left to the times to come, as trifling conſiderations, entirely out of the preſent queſtion; and which, whether of conſequence or not, ſhould never be anticipated by reflection.

This, I'll venture to affirm, is really the caſe with the generality of lovers: and therefore it makes it neceſſary that we ſhould apply all our healing balſams, to cure the wounds the freakiſh god has made: To cauſe, if poſſible, thoſe heterogeneous qualities, which he has miſchievouſly jumbled together, to unite, and become one ſolid maſs, productive of unity, peace, and concord.

But as the only way to ſave a wandering pilot from deſtruction, in the ſteerage of his veſſel, is to diſcover to him the rocks which he may ſplit upon; ſo I muſt beg leave of the ladies, and I am ſure they have not a more ſincere friend in the world, to warn them againſt ſome trifling things in appearance, which, like inoffenſive weeds, upon the ſurface of the water, thoſe emblems of ſhoals and ſhallows, that perplex and confound the mariner, do abſolutely deſtroy conjugal felicity; and which I moſt heartily wiſh were avoided by all the *Benedicts* and *Beatrices* in the kingdom.

Firſt,

Firſt, that ridiculous tendency to peeviſhneſs and perverſeneſs, which they exhibit immediately after the *honey moon*: thereby denoting to the ſpectators, that they are jointly deceived in their expectations; that the only reaſon which could be given for their coupling, was nothing more, than to revel in thoſe delights which are now become ſtale and inſipid; and that, in reality, they do not care a farthing for one another.

The arrant ſcold, or the cobler's wife, who ſcreams at the poor fellow from morning to night, until ſhe rouſes his vengeance, and draws upon herſelf the ſtrappado; may be ſaid to

love him moſt cordially, when, upon another man's taking her part, and endeavouring to ſave her from the wrath of her huſband, ſhe falls upon her advocate with the fury of a fiend; and ſoftens, by this extraordinary conduct, the rage of her ſpouſe into a perfect reconciliation.

The rough and beſotted knight, who is ever at variance with his wife; and, in every action of his life, diſcovers an utter averſion from her; may likewiſe be ſpoken of, as a warm advocate for the fair, and a true lover of his lady; when, upon another man's endeavouring to ſupplant him in her good graces, he runs him through the body with his toledo.——

But this is all a trick.----The cobler's wife buffets her friend, to ſave herſelf from the future ſtripes of her huſband; and the knight kills his rival for the ſake of his *honour*:----- while the real ſtate of their minds, reſpecting that regard which they have for their yokemates, can be diſcovered only by the general manner in which they behave to them, from one year's end to the other.

Thus the ladies who are always chiding, thwarting, adviſing, curbing, and ſcolding their huſbands becauſe they love them ſo dearly, cannot have the leaſt pretenſion to ſuch feelings; but ought to be ſoundly

ſoundly whipped as cheats, and ſly, impoſing baggages, for their intolerable impudence.-----And likewiſe thoſe gruff, ill-natured blockheads, who never can bear to hear their wives ſpeak a word; but are ever crying *Pſhaw!*----*ſilly!*-----*nonſenſe!* &c. notwithſtanding they may feed them; lie with them; and fight for them; yet, I am poſitive, they do not love them: But that they deſpiſe them, and hate them in their hearts, it is not to be doubted.

The moſt dangerous circumſtance that attends the marriage ſtate, is that contempt which familiarity occaſions; and which too frequently happens where an extravagant, and prepoſte-

prepoſterous idea of the mighty merits of the beloved object, has been firſt of all conceived.

This adoration gradually retreats, and retreats, as the pair advance in their connection, and acquaintance with each other's failings, until it drops into the very bottom of diſguſt.

You may perceive this cruel change operate upon the ſweeteſt, and moſt endearing couple, that ever Cupid wheedled into his cage. In every look, in every geſture, you may diſcover diſlike; and the moſt exquiſite contempt for each other.

One

One would imagine matrimony a terrible grievance, from this account of it. But I know not how it is; ----unleſs *uſe* becomes a ſecond nature;----for a hopeful pair of ſweet ſouls, with all this ſad, and ſhocking load upon their ſhoulders; ſome how or other; juſtle on; cheek by jole; ſquabbling, fretting, fuming, teaſing, eating, drinking, ſleeping, and ſo forth; as regular as the houſe clock; and as if nothing at all was the matter: And though to be one day with them, might give you a ſurfeit for life; and you might be ſtunned with the clamour of their tongues; yet the noiſe is nothing with them: For, like a great church

bell,

bell, that hovers over your chamber window, and is always tolling horribly for the dying, and the dead; however diſagreeable, and hateful it may appear to you at firſt; yet *uſe* ſhall make it become familiar and indifferent; and entirely take the ſound of it away.

I cannot leave this ſubject, which I am afraid I have not treated with the tenderneſs and delicacy it merits, without taking notice, very ſlightly, of that ſcuffle for ſuperiority, or *the breeches*, as it is vulgarly called, which the women make ſuch a great fuſs about; and which, as they do not become them, they ſhould entirely leave to the management of

the

the men. For, as in all well-governed ſtates, there muſt be a ſupreme magiſtrate; ſo, in family connections, the man muſt command, or anarchy and confuſion is the conſequence.

This *love of ſway*, in the ladies, as *Mr. Pope* expreſſes it, frequently leads them into much ſorrow and diſappointment. For when they meet with a violent temper, though in a great, and a good man; thoſe twittings, and perverſe tricks, which they have got; and which there is hardly any ſuch thing as guarding againſt; are almoſt ſure to throw the huſband, at laſt, into a rage and deſperation, never to be appeaſed, by all the coaxing

coaxing, wheedling lenitives, which, on ſuch occaſions, they ſo well know how to apply.

And indeed it is no matter what becomes of them, if they will not be quiet, and mind their own province: wherein they have latitude enough to diſplay their bewitching powers, without turning *amazons*, *vixens*, or *termagants*, to ſhew their authority.

Nor does it ſignify, in the leaſt, to what ſcenes of abſurdity, and contempt, a man is led, who ſuffers them to trample down his prerogative; and make a paltry tool of him in every action of his life.---- For when they once get the upper hand,

hand, there is no bounds to their tyranny. You muſt be the moſt abject ſlave upon earth; or you will have no peace.----Up, nor in bed; waking, nor in ſleep; in the fields, nor at home: for wherever thou goeſt, or ſitteſt, or ſleepeſt, thither ſhall the clamour of thy wife's tongue accompany thee, and drive thee into the melancholy ſhades of deſpair.

It might be thought very extraordinary, that ſuch gentle, lovely, ſweet creatures, as our young virgins really are, ſhould ever turn out ſuch monſters in petticoats, as are here deſcribed: but a moment's reflection upon the manner in which they are

educated,

educated, ſets the affair right; and you are convinced that it is impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe; if great care is not taken to repel the firſt ſymptoms of diſquietude and malapertneſs, which ſhew themſelves very ſoon after the fearful, meek, and willing things are made women of.

Our nymphs find their ſwains ſo complying and good-natured; ſo ready to attend their injunctions, be they ever ſo abſurd; ſo obliging, ſo fond, ſo humble, ſo gentle, and ſo amorous; that it is enough to turn their little heads; and make them fancy that *man* was born for no other purpoſe than to *obey*:----notwithſtanding this ſilly word, which, I am told,

the

the females are forced to repeat at the *altar*, fairly denotes that the males were intended to *command*.

Every thing ſeems, in the bright eyes of our *fair-ones*, to be made for them; and them only:----particularly, *man* is their undoubted property.-----To be buffeted, kicked, thumped, banged, ſpit at, or trod upon, juſt as ſuits, or agrees with that ſort of amuſement the damſels delight in:

This *ſelfiſhneſs*, in women, is exhibited by them, where they dare, with ſuch aſtoniſhing effrontery, that one cannot help being ſhocked at the poor devil's caſe, who has been ſo unfor-

unfortunate as to fall into their hands.----

He is not only obliged to do every thing they bid him, and that in a minute, and without the leaſt heſitation; but he muſt foreſee their wants, and prevent them; though they are as numerous, and unintelligible as the ſtars in the firmament.

He muſt give up every manly amuſement, and become quite womaniſh.----He muſt ſit at the lady's ſide, ready, like a little puppy, to fetch and carry, whenever his miſtreſs is diſpoſed to play----But his cruel conductreſs, if ſhe can perceive any diverſion, proper for his ſex, though

not

not for her own, in which he delights himſelf, that, above all others, muſt be changed, or utterly exploded. So that upon the whole, where a female is indulged in her folly and preſumption, ſhe is not only the greateſt plague upon earth, but ſhe is in reality, the worſt enemy a man can put into his boſom.

In ſhort----the powers and inceſſant labours of the women, in order to ſnatch the reins of government into their hands, are exerted with ſo much ardour; that where there is much good-nature, and little reſolution, in a man of good underſtanding, a pragmatical wife ſhall worm herſelf into him; force her own abſurd

ideas

ideas upon him; and make him, who was before very decent in the opinion of mankind, as great a fool as herſelf.----He ſhall appear to his friends quite altered, and ſet them all a laughing at his folly:-----while his old haunts and cuſtoms, and his uſual liberal ſentiments, are entirely left off; and he is conſtantly pinned to his lady's tucker;---- the childiſh pupil of a ſilly woman!

CHAP. XXVIII.

I Have been ſo often charmed with the ſweet deſcriptions of the *nightingale*, which are to be met with among our beſt poets, that I went, laſt week, ſixty miles afoot, with a companion as ridiculous as myſelf, in ſearch of one; repeating all the way as a child does its errand----

Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!

We

We choſe the Whitſun-week for our excurſion, as the ſummer holidays, in the country, might afford ſome incidents for our amuſement; ----the village paſtimes, at that ſeaſon of the year, being ſomewhat paſtoral: although they are not ſo free from wickedneſs and incivility, as they were in the poetical plains of *Arcadia*.

Our ſwains are rather rude and unmannered; and our nymphs, to be ſure, they are fine, comely, healthy, bouncing girls; but, I preſume, they are much better calculated for the mop, the fork, or the rake, than for the crook, the garland, or the noſegay.

However, upon the whole, they are like all other realities. Strip the Arcadian nymphs and ſwains of the dreſs which the poets have given them, and they were an ignorant, clowniſh, awkward people; fit for nothing but to till the earth; attend, prepare, and get in the productions of it; and propagate their ſpecies in the ordinary way; without any of thoſe refinements; thoſe loveſick languiſhings; and that ſtrange fuſs about the matter which the poets exhibit; and which had no other exiſtence but in their own diſordered imaginations.

I could not help laughing at the feigned happineſs of a cottage, which

which our bards ſing with ſuch raptures, upon our paſſing by ſeveral of theſe delightful abodes in our little tour. We found them, generally, dirty and diſagreeable. The good women were quite out of humour; while their brats were ſqualling, and ſprawling, half naked, filthy, and obſcene.----To the clamorous muſic of the children, were added the bitter exclamations of the mother; in ſuch rude and ungentle language as "I'll *flat* your brains out, you little b----hes, if you make ſuch a noiſe:" and ſo on. In fact, I have no great veneration for poverty and a cottage: nor any opinion of that ſort of *ſimplicity*, and *innocence*, which really reſides in ſuch

 places.

places.---Though, to be ſure, our *utopian* gentry, if you will believe them, make a very fine ſtory of it.

There is one very great advantage in walking, ſuperior to any other method of travelling; eſpecially if you are upon a ſcheme of pleaſure. It affords you the opportunity of viſiting, and examining, every trifling circumſtance which may occur, or excite your curioſity, without the leaſt impediment.---On the other hand, if you are incumbered with carriages or horſes, you are obliged to keep the common highway path, which is cut out for you; and which you dare not quit upon any account whatſoever.

I re-

I remember, as we came near a ſmall town, in our march, we were ſuddenly alarmed by the enchanting ſtrains of a couple of fiddles, with a tabour and pipe; and a conſiderable body of young men, with tall, gilt-headed ſtaves in their hands, walking, two and two, &c. in a very ſolemn pace, preceded by the muſic, along a meadow, adjoining to the town, quite out of the horſe-road.

Now this was a matter of too much conſequence, not to engage our immediate attention. We felt the freedom of our ſituation; we jumped over the hedge in a trice; left the road, and every other con-

cern, with contempt; and croſſed the field with exquiſite diſpatch, and a determined aſpect. We were loſt in the throng, that ſurrounded the gilt-headed heroes, in an inſtant; and found ourſelves in the happy ſtate, of making what obſervations we pleaſed, without being noticed by the company.

We found, upon enquiry, that the enraptured gentlemen, who compoſed this important parade, were a ſet of the neighbouring peaſants, together with ſome of the town artificers, headed by the landlord at the *Croſs*, conſolidated into a very uſeful club for the benefit of the

the ſick, and the widows of the deceaſed, among them.

They had raiſed a conſiderable fund, at a trifling monthly expence to each individual; ſufficient, however, to allow a ſick member five ſhillings a week during his illneſs: and in caſe of his death there were five pounds allotted to the wife, or to the neareſt relations to the defunct; together with a proper allowance for his decent interment; as well as other prudent and commendable regulations.

Thus the pariſhes were eaſed of many heavy burthens, and a lauda-

ble emulation diffuſed itſelf among this, apparently, very orderly people.

It ſeems they have a feaſt every Whitſuntide: when they eat, drink, and are merry: and parade about the town. They likewiſe ſettle their accounts: each man pays up his arrears; and wiſe, and notable improvements are offered, and made, for the benefit of the ſociety.

I could not help being charmed with this unuſual merriment. A feaſt, muſic, and jollity, raiſed upon ſuch a ſolid foundation; ſo laudable; ſo exemplary; excited in us both a kind of veneration for the party:

party : And we eyed the landlord of the *Croſs*, at the front of his company, with that ſort of reverence and reſpect, which a ſpectator feels, on the appearance of a great general; a brave and warlike prince; or, more properly ſpeaking, a profound law-giver; a father of his country; the pattern of *juſtice, meekneſs, continence*, and *ſobriety!*

And indeed our landlord felt his own conſequence, in a manner which I ſhall never forget. His eyes were fixed upon every perſon he paſſed, as upon vacancy; with a confidence and ſerenity inexpreſſibly fine.----His feelings were above the ſublime: as every man, in his opi-

nion at that time, not excepting even the parſon or the 'ſquire of the pariſh, was beneath contempt.----He ſtalked along as heedleſs of the croud about him, as the firſt horſe of a broad-wheeled waggon, is, of the cocks and hens, which are pecking upon the road before him.---He would trample them under his feet, without knowing it, if they did not take care to get out of his way.

I am ſure, I never perceived my own inſignificancy, with ſo many mortifying circumſtances annexed to it, in my life, as I did upon this occaſion. For as I was very active in taking a ſurvey of the company; and my attention particularly fix-

ed

ed upon the hero of it; I got into the front of the party, which was now arrived in town, and walked rather ſidelong, before it, down a narrow ſtreet, which led to the *Croſs*.

I was very much incommoded, for about a hundred yards, in this unlucky ſituation; for the croud being very thick, before me, and extremely tardy in its motion; and the commander behind me, with his ſtaff, trailed like a pike, very preſſing to proceed, I happened to be faſtened, juſt in the place where the two powers ſtruggled with each other.---And every now and then, I was under imminent danger, of be-

ing

ing attacked by the *dove*, upon the top of the preſident's ſtaff, which the lofty landlord puſhed forward, with an indignation and ſurprize, very alarming indeed! and which kept me on the watch, for about ten minutes, under the moſt terrible apprehenſions.

However, I eſcaped at laſt with impunity, thinking myſelf very well off; and exceedingly happy, that I had been a witneſs to ſo much dignity, pomp, and parade!

CHAP. XXIX.

WHAT a vile fooliſh bawble is that thing commonly called PRIDE; particularly as it is exhibited by the generality of mankind! —It is a phantom that leads the ignorant, and contemptible part of the creation aſtray; and makes even the learned and wiſe appear ridiculous.—It is an inſolent demand upon ſociety, for that reſpect which, perhaps, is not due; and when it is, it will never be paid by compulſion.—No men upon earth, have a right to exact a deference paid them, but

thoſe

thoſe who deſerve it; and then it will be the natural conſequence of their actions, if they are ſufficiently known to the world, to engage its attention: if not, the beſt and ſafeſt retreat from the ſcorn and deriſion of mankind, is the ſilent contemplation of that innate worth, and greatneſs of character, which we poſſeſs; and which all the nations of the earth, cannot deprive us of; nor overſhadow one ray of its native luſtre, dignity, and glory.

I have been led into this train of thought, by the amazing deportment of our landlord: who, indeed, is a perſon rather to be laughed at, than deſpiſed; to be approved, than condemned;

demned; and, in reality, he is totally out of the preſent queſtion.—For I love the man who prides himſelf, inoffenſively, in worthy actions, as much as I hate the wretch, that would claim our regard, at the expence of our knowledge, and fidelity.

As to the common efforts of pride, to eſtabliſh upon itſelf a reputation, that ſhall enable the fooliſh poſſeſſor of it, to obtain a conſequence in life, they are ſo well known and underſtood, as to render a formal diſſertation upon the paſſion, both needleſs and impertinent.

I mean only to divert myſelf with ſome ſilly appearances of it, as I

am

am ſmoaking my pipe, after the fatigues of the *club-adventure*, and then to reſume the ſtory of the *nightingale*.

Can any thing be more laughable than the ſight of, what is called, a proud man; ſtalking along the ſtreet; ſwelling and burſting with conſequence; and ready to ſwallow or kick every creature he meets, that does not pay him homage, and acknowledge its own unworthineſs, in the ſight of ſuch an extraordinary phenomenon?

O! it is a glorious treat!—

—But

—But pray, what is all this for? he is neither handſomer, more wiſe, more learned, nor more active than yourſelf: — and if he is richer, he will ſee you at the devil, before he will give you a ſingle ſhilling.—

Then why am I to bear with the folly of ſuch an upſtart? — why am I to bow, to cringe, or, in any manner to feed the vanity of ſuch a wretch? —no—it is a ſin—and a vile one too—worſe than *perjury*, *ſheep-ſtealing* or *petty larceny*; and ranks the culprit among the fawning reptiles, that flatter, impoſe upon, and ruin the *Great*.

Could

Could a pompous man perceive, as he bluſters along the town, one ſpark of that ineffable contempt, which purſues him; that honeſt indignation, which fires the breaſt of the ſpectator, at the ſight of him;— I ſhould think it would cure him for ever.

However, this I will aſſure the monſter; that it is always the caſe; even when he leaſt ſuſpects any appearance of it about him.— PRIDE miſſes that real dignity, and reſpect, which it ſondles over, and propoſes to itſelf; and as naturally begets CONTEMPT, as thievery, the gallows;

lows; or as indolence, beggary.—*Vanity* is a poor affair, and generally accompanies the *weak*, and the *deteſtable*. — Fy on it!

I do not mean that pride, which ſets a man above a mean action; which values itſelf upon noble, and glorious deeds; and ſo on; — but that ſort of ſupercilious ſelf-ſufficiency, and mock-majeſty, which is aſſumed by every *puppy* you meet.

You may juſtly ſay of every vain man, as he journeyeth on;—that he is a happy man. He walks with an air of conſequence:—he is aſſured, by his *own* opinion, that he is ſenſible; clever; handſome; and very much

much admired by both ſexes; and that he is an object of real importance wherever he goes:—and yet, in fact, he does not poſſeſs one quality, or ſituation, he delights himſelf ſo wonderfully in the contemplation of. —CONTEMPT purſues him every where.—The ſight of him gives diſguſt to the ſpectator;—who eagerly exclaims, I am glad I am not *that* man.

CHAP. XXX.

HOW would the polluted blood riſe in the cheeks of a modern fine gentleman, to ſee two tolerably decent perſons, engaged in ſuch a contemptible ſpecies of entertainment, as that of enjoying the rude, and ruſtic amuſements of the *vulgar*; mixing with that kind of low company, which would ſuffocate the *polite*, and render a man of faſhion deteſtable for ever!

How a man of ſpirit and underſtanding, can bear with the grimace,

and

and conſtrained, inſipid intercourſe, among the blockheads of ceremony, is a matter as unintelligible to me, as the pleaſures of the *club-adventure*, may appear ridiculous to a *macaroni*.

Now, I ſhould think, the company of the loweſt *vulgar*, and that which is to be met with among the moſt faſhionable aſſemblies, for any continuance, would, to a man of real good breeding, genuine politeneſs, ſound intellects, and an improved underſtanding, be equally intolerable.

A man of ſenſe, certainly, cannot think of mixing with either of theſe departments in life; only now and then,

then, in order to ſee what the *hogs*, or the *monkeys*, are about.

As to the peaſants, common mechanicks, and the ordinary people in general; I am poſitive, the advantage, with reſpect to the entertainment you might hope for from either party, is much on their ſide.

Nature appears without diſguiſe, among the lower claſs of mankind; and it is there you may acquire a knowledge of the human paſſions.

Education, and the advantages of ſtudy and reflection, teach us to conceal our failings, and appear under falſe colours: But, among the

vulgar, you ſee the human heart in all its native deformity.----Grief, joy, terror, pity, rage, and reſentment, with the whole train of the affections, diſcover themſelves, indiſcriminately, immediately as they are excited in the human breaſt; and you may ſee, in the company of handicraftſmen, the genuine workings of the paſſions, exactly as they are affected, by the particular circumſtances of controverſy, or any thing which may engage the attention: while, on the contrary, in our politer aſſemblies eſpecially, you can perceive nothing but a parcel of noddling mandarins, cut out of wood, and perched upon pedeſtals, acting in ſtate, exactly like a ſet of

ill

ill dreſſed puppets, put in motion by the monſter (FASHION) behind the ſcenes.

This creature of a foreign growth, leads our *apes* of quality into the moſt aſtoniſhing abſurdities, both in words and actions, imaginable: and, ſo far from your prying into their ſouls, in ſearch of their paſſions, I defy any man in England, to find out, by their deportment or converſation, whether they have any, or not.

As to their carriage towards each other, it is a ſpecies of the moſt ridiculous buffoonery under heaven: for they ſit ſmerking, and grinning

at one another, without any meaning at all in their faces; and *he! he! he!* and ſimper ſo delightfully —and then they bob up and down; and throw themſelves into ſuch unnatural attitudes, that you would imagine, there was a parcel of little inviſible animals, eternally pricking them upon the breech, or elſewhere, as a puniſhment for their manifold miſdemeanors.

O! how charming it is, to ſee a ſnug party of about a dozen males and females of the macaroni breed, *ſhowing off* with all their various tricks to pleaſe and delight each other.—

The

The figure of the women exactly correſponds with what the ladies are fond of calling each other: and therefore I may venture upon the word, FRIGHTS. — As to the men, if ſuch they may be termed, look at any of our print-ſhops, and you will be ſatisfied.

However, the dreſs of each, is by no means more frightful, than their vile, unmeaning, unnatural diſtortions of face, limb, and body.

It is grown polite to *hobble*, and you muſt *totter*, to *liſp*, and you muſt ape it, to *ſnuffle*, and you muſt do it; and then you muſt be always

upon the broad *grin*, *gape*, and *ſtare* —with hardly any ſhoes to your feet—no waiſtcoat, except the bottom of your ſiſter's fringed petticoat braced round your body.—But for breeches—the Lord have mercy on us!—ſo large, and ſo wide, that you appear all ——, and ſo thin, that you might as well put on your wife's muſlin apron only, to keep you decent in the company of modeſt women.—But I ſuppoſe our *macs* are not men—or, rather, that they wear *bandages*.

Be ſure that you ſit forward upon your chair, with your back bent double—your coat ſkirts, if you have any, thrown behind—your left ankle,

kle, upon your right knee—thus making as much of your *bottom* as you can, for the amuſement of the ladies, you may pat your leg—ſtroke your chin—twitch up your cravat—ſhow your teeth, if they have eſcaped the *p—x*----and jabber over a parcel of court phraſes----a mongrel dialect ----an abominable mixture of French and Engliſh---diſgraceful of all utterance----which you will eaſily get by heart----and then you will be a complete *fine gentleman*, as thoſe phenomena appear in theſe our glorious days.

Our firſt-rate beaus and belles, may well be ſaid to have a language of their own, unintelligible to other

people: For it is an abſolute fact, that they require no articulation at all; as they do not mean to underſtand each other, but juſt to keep up the rattle of ungraceful, and inſignificant ſounds, as they paſs from place to place, and go through the common forms of ceremony, which have been taught them by long experience in the folly and parade of the faſhionable world.

I poſitively declare, that I have ſat an hour together, liſtening, with all the attention I have been maſter of, to the converſation of an excellent lady and gentleman, in the court ſtile, and could not, for the blood of me, gather any thing from it,

it, though they talked as faſt as poſſible, but a few trite phraſes, which I happened to underſtand, but by no means their application; and which I am ſenſible they threw in, not to illuſtrate the ſubject, but to fill up a ſpace of their converſation. And then at the cloſe of every ſpeech, they were not at the pains to find proper language, or puzzle about the manner in which they ſhould expreſs themſelves; for if common words, or rather half words, did not happen to drop in the way, they concluded the ſentence with a very uncommon dialect — a compoſition of *nods*, and *hums*, and *haas* ----which, inſtead of embarraſſing the orator, was the pleaſanteſt, and moſt

conſiderable part of his ſpeech ---- and which the oppoſite party returned with ſo many aſſenting *hums*, *nods*, and *haaaas*, &c. that I was perfectly convinced, they underſtood as much of one another as they deſired; and that they were ſo happy, as to be able to talk, without thinking, words, or language of any kind, full as well as with either, or all of theſe uſual requiſites put together.--- So that, upon the whole, I rather think it would be the fineſt thing in the world for our *ſuperiors*, to drop the ſcraps of French and Engliſh, which they have got; and which are of no uſe to them; and fall into the *humming* manner of converſation, totally and without diſguiſe.

In

In ſuch a noble project, they have my beſt wiſhes, and in hopes that they will take my advice, I will leave them for the preſent, and go on with the ſtory of the *nightingale*, if nothing ſhould happen to carry me ſtill farther out of the way.

CHAP. XXXI.

IT is very well known, that ſome of the greateſt *geniuſſes*, that have aſtoniſhed mankind, are remarkable for an irregularity in their compoſitions. Their minds were too extenſive to bear reſtraint; and thoſe punctilios, with which the critics keep their underſtrappers in awe.

Now as *genius* is, of all things, the moſt to be wiſhed for and admired, and every man thinks he poſſeſſes it; it is extremely pretty to

ſee the whole tribe of *paper-ſcratching* coxcombs, aping with all their might, the above defect of a vaſt mind; juſt as you will find a ſilly blockhead, damning himſelf into deteſtation, by imitating the ſtupid practice of ſwearing, which he has obſerved predominant in ſome notoriouſly wicked, ſprightly, clever fellow.

The foregoing excellent remarks, *Gentlemen*, I mean as a ſatire upon myſelf.---For becauſe others have treated the reader with diſreſpect; nay, even, contempt; by beginning a ſtory and never ending it; running through a parcel of idle digreſſions; trifling with him, teaſing him, and keeping

keeping him eternally on the rack, without the leaſt proſpect of a criſis or a concluſion; ſo, you ſee, I muſt be talking, ever and anon, about a fooliſh ſtory of a nightingale; which, as I hope to live and proſper, I do not, at preſent, ſee any probability of its being finiſhed: For I poſitively affirm, that I am, at this preſent writing, got no farther than ſeven miles out of the ſixty, which are to complete my journey; and if incidents ſhould ſtill occur, and reflections ariſe, as faſt as they have hitherto done, I will leave it to the impatient reader to determine, whether it will be poſſible for me, to make an end of the matter, in any reaſonable time.

—There

----There is ſomething very ſhocking to me in a ſtraight-forward long-winded ſtory.

If I were obliged to ſet about writing hiſtories of diſtreſſed damſels, under ſuch charming titles as ----"*The delicate embarraſſments*-----*----the tears of ſenſibility----the indiſcreet connection---the precipitate choice ----the involuntary inconſtant----the affected indifference---the fault was all his own----female frailty*, ---- &c. &c. &c."----I ſhould be like a boy, ſent upon an errand which, of all things, he would wiſh to avoid.----I ſhould loiter dreadfully, upon the road, and rather go any other way, than that which was pointed out for me.

----It is very diſtreſſing, is it not, ladies? to be forced to a thing, although one has no real objection to it.----

Now, whenever I take up my pen, in order to proceed in this unfortunate ſtory of mine, which I wiſh I never had begun, I do aſſure thee, my ſweet, good-natured, forbearing, patient reader, that I ſtart at the bare recollection of "where I laſt left off:" and that it is neceſſary I ſhould "reſume the thread of my diſcourſe:" and that I ſhould go on as quietly, peaceably, and ſoberly as a packhorſe; without ever thinking of the fields, the hills, the woods,

the

the lawns, and the beauties that ſurround me.-----O! horrible!----I am diſguſted in a minute:----and, like a froward girl, that will do any thing but what ſhe is bid, I jump over the boundaries that would keep me in my path, and fall to work, helter-ſkelter, with every individual trifle, but that which I ought.

Take care, good reader----don't let me cheat thee into a belief that I poſſeſs a *genius*----or that I want to make thee think ſo.----Many are the artifices which authors uſe, in order to deceive thee; and none more frequently, than this of affecting to be ſo heedleſs, whimſical, comical, and deſultory.

Men

Men who poſſeſs great minds, are very often too indolent to undertake any work, that would require much of their attention:----But in every thing, which may be ſaid, only to eſcape from their pens, you may diſcover their powers, and what they are capable of, if ſo it pleaſe them to exerciſe their talents.

Try every writer, O! reader! by this very ſtandard (if thou art able, honeſt, and impartial) and thou wilt never be impoſed upon, by falſe pretenders to merit, nor affected retailers of nonſenſe.

----Fare thee well.----

CHAP. XXXII.

TO preſerve our beings, is certainly the firſt of all our cares.----Health then muſt be invaluable; exerciſe muſt be abſolutely neceſſary; and walking, as it is the moſt ſimple, I apprehend, it is likewiſe, the moſt ſalutary in its good effects upon the conſtitution.

I wiſh ſome of our young fellows, who cannot bear fatigue, and yet are very fond of good eating, would but walk only fifteen miles a day, for a week together, and I'll promiſe

miſe them ſeven ſuch feaſts as they never enjoyed before.

What can poſſibly induce the indolent to labour, but ſomething extremely ſenſual? And I am ſure they will be amply repaid in the gratification of every appetite to which they are prone, if they will only border upon intemperance;----for ſhould they launch into exceſs, their very exerciſe, as it helps them to increaſe the load of gluttony, will haſten their diſſolution.

----There are ſome particular periods in our lives, when the mind has exulted in its own enjoyments, which are fixed upon our memories

mories for the remainder of our days.----- Theſe rapturous moments are always recollected with exceſſive pleaſure, and give a guſt of ſelf-ſatisfaction inexpreſſibly glorious.

What a fine thing is a good conſcience !----

What a hell upon earth, a bad one !

Amongſt the various incidents of my life, none do I call to mind, with more delight, than ſome of theſe walks, which I have taken, with a friend, purely for the pleaſure of them.----

----To hit upon a ſcheme of this ſort in a moment, put it inſtantly in execution, and take up your ſtaff and walk! ----- oh! heavens! how ſhould you know any thing of joys which you never experienced?----- Why, Sir, as ſoon as you get out of town, and are marching along the lane, I'll lay you a wager, if you were with us, and could rightly enter into the reliſh of it, that, at every corner, or turning, which gave you freſh proſpects, and freſh hopes, you would not be able to keep your ſpirits, from flying into extacies, that would make you ſtand on your head, kick up your heels, hop, ſkip, jump, laugh, cry, roar, hoot, and hollow,

hollow, like the verieſt madman that ever eſcaped from bedlam: and yet you ſhould be quite in your ſenſes, and always remember the ſcene, as one of the moſt rational, and pleaſing amuſements in your life.

Two or three perſons at moſt are a ſufficient number to enjoy a jaunt of this ſort; more would change the ſcene, and make a riot of that which is meant only as a rational contemplative *perambulation*.

— P-x take that long word—I hate it. —

You fix your country, before you ſet out, and the road, as far as about

ſix

ſix or ſeven miles; but no farther than the firſt ſtage. Afterwards, let chance take place; and you will find every ſtep of your journey produce that novelty which we are ſo fond of.—

O! ladies! ladies! ladies! all your charms will not prevent us from longing after freſh matter.—

Prudes, and pedagogues, I ſay that nature has ſtamped upon us this hankering after novelty; and that you, with all your prayers and preachings, will never eraſe it from our hearts.—

What

What the devil is the matter with you?—a man can't ſpeak what he knows is a fact, but in comes a parcel of orthodox ſaints, ſinners, impoſtors, and ſcoundrels, who will buffet him to death, becauſe he is too honeſt to ſtifle the truth, and too much of a gentleman to tell a *lie!*

Every man has his buſineſs, and his cares, ſuch as they are!——Now, you no ſooner ſet forward upon your expedition, than you get rid of theſe troubleſome companions.——Your walking whets your appetites; your refreſhments give you joy; and immediately after your repaſts, and an exhilarating glaſs or two, you ſet a

talking and laughing like a parcel of fools.—You are ſo full of the fields, and the woods; the ſweet receſſes, and the gurgling rills, which you have paſſed; that you cannot digeſt your thoughts.—You fly from one thing to another.—You are too impatient to wait for replies, or attend to them.—"But that was a fine field! the other was ſuperior!—and then how enchanting the lawns! the groves! the fountains! the grottos! the ſhrubs!——O! what a charming, ſweet, delicious girl we met in the park!——Did you ſmoke the old fellow waddling after her?-----O! he's a *liquoriſh* old dog!"----

Thus

Thus you run on like mad, for a ſhort time.----The ſtorm of rapture, however, is ſoon over; and you diſſolve in reciprocal good will, ſociableneſs, and tranquility.

In this temper, you will perceive all your powers alert.----Your head will be clear; your heart open; your fancy brilliant; and your ſoul inſpired.----Your paſſions will tremble at the ſlighteſt touch.------You will burſt into rage, or melt into tears, at the name of a villain, or the intimation of an orphan.------Still you will be happy, and wiſh the world ſo well, that were you a god, you

would make gods of men, as ſurely as God made you.---

We ſhall be gods!---by jove we ſhall! we are ſo godlike in our natures, when diveſted of our earthly, our grovelling concerns, that it muſt be ſo---indeed it muſt---do believe it my friend---it will make you happy here, and ſtir up ſuch noble principles in your blood, that you will be worthy of a glorious eternity.

Sweet deluſion!---balmy conſolation!----flattering hope!---come ſprightly *fancy*, with theſe thy exquiſite companions, and once more lead me into the manſions of the bleſſed. ---But do not leave me---ſupport me

me in thy wilds----let me trace thy unfrequented paths----and bring me ſafely to this world below.----Preſerve my ſenſes, gentle *nature*;---attune my ſtrains to honour thee, and ſcourge the vices that debaſe mankind.

----I cannot help laughing at myſelf when I get upon ſtilts.----I ſhall turn mad poet if I proceed, and mount a pegaſus that will break my neck.----I ſhall hurry the aſtoniſhed reader into ſcenes that will diſturb his intellects, and make him curſe my nonſenſe and temerity.

CHAP. XXXIII.

SITTING in a large inn, over a pipe, after great exerciſe, liſtening to the hurry of the houſe, affords ſufficient entertainment to a ſpeculative rambler.

Every face is full of buſineſs.---- The roſy-combed landlord is ſtuffed with ſtrong beer, content, and awkward civility :----and the good lady is ſo *vaiſtly*, polite; ſo exceſſively *fluſtered*, and fatigued :---and *Nanny*, *Molly*, and *Betty*, are running here and there — up and down — while your

your laſcivious eyes purſue them, with roguiſh deſires and deſigns.

Add to theſe, the amuſements of the kitchen. — The lownging poſt-chaiſe-boys, ---- ſome eating their cruſts in the corner; ---- others, lying with their heads upon the *dreſſer*, ---- ſleeping, and making pillows of their arms. ---- The hoſtlers, fat and dirty, move ſlow and ſullen; and the ſneaking bootcatcher, the fag-end of all fag-ends, looks conſcious of his baſeneſs.

A group of drunken peaſants you will perceive on one ſide, boaſting of ſuch feats as are ſhocking to humanity; ſwaggering over their

fancied independency, and inſulting their betters.

The buſy, impatient, furious cook, with a face, like freſh cut horſefleſh, hot, greaſy, and inflamed, drives every body before her with a vengeance.

The peaſants feel the effects of her power, and ſtagger to their brother brutes in the ſty, or the fields, where they fall into that ſleep, which, like the death of the wicked, will raiſe them to the pains of the damned.

On the other ſide of the kitchen, ſit the exciſeman, the pariſh clerk, the

the country ſchoolmaſter, and the 'ſquire's butler, ſteeped in ſtrong ale, and deep matter; profound, knowing, and ſelf-amorous.

My lady's maid friſks by them, pert, mincing, quaint, and fooliſh; while her miſtreſs in the parlour, is enjoying her tea and ſir John.----

The tall, lank greyhounds, and the faithful ſpaniels, ſaunter about the fire — look wiſtfully at the ſmoaking ſirloin, advance cautiouſly towards the fragrant ſcent, and ſnuff it with ſweet delight, and fruitleſs expectation:—while the pitileſs attendants ply them with thoſe kicks, cuffs, and ſtripes, for their

 impertinence,

impertinence, which would be much more properly and deſervedly adminiſtered, to the hulky raſcals, and bitter vixens, who are ſo forward in beſtowing them on theſe harmleſs and obſequious animals.

In the bar is placed my good lady, with her tavern lowngers.—The gill-drinking, news-reading, vacant-headed, good-for-nothing, hanging-on loiterers;---thoſe peſts to all good company----thoſe blanks in life----thoſe moving incumbrances, that are always in other people's way, and continually minding every body's buſineſs but their own.

Among

Among theſe worthies, you often find ſome, that nobody knows what they are about, nor how they live. They ſhuffle on in a ſtrange manner, without any viſible means of a maintenance. They ſpend much out of *nothing* ---- they are *gentlemen*, and mighty clever fellows.

The cocks and hens in the yard, give place to the coxcombs that are alighting from their ſteeds;---while hoſtler! hoſtler! hoſtler! ſtuns your troubled ears, from every quarter.--- The landlord bows---his gueſts look big ---- madam courteſies --- Molly ſhows them a room----and the hoſtler, whiſtling, d—ns his blood if he

cares a farthing for any man in England.

The rattling of carriages draws you to the window. --- The maids, miſtreſs, and old fat-ſides, attend, with humble ſubmiſſion, their *honors*, and their *ladyſhips* :---while you are looking ſharp after the legs of the laſſes, as they wantonly ſtep out of their coaches.----

Strangers meet ſtrangers --- eyes meet eyes---and contempt flies from party to party, as quick, and as piercing, as the rays of the ſun.---Good God !----that we ſhould be ſo much aſhamed of each other, or ſo fooliſhly fond of ourſelves, as to think

think nobody is worthy our regard, but thoſe we are acquainted with.---

For my part, when I ſee a beautiful face----a penetrating, ſoft, bewitching eye----I know not how to glance at it occaſionally, as if I ſhould offend it; I am transfixed with admiration; and ill betide the fair-one that would ſneer, or frown at me for my devotion.

The women can never miſtake adoration for impertinence ---- they know better----the language of the eyes they are verſed in----the heart lies very near thoſe interpreters---and it is as impoſſible to deceive them, at firſt ſight, with affected civilities,

as

as to obtain from them, after obtruding the rude, unmannered *ſtare* (that certain indication of a *ſcoundrel*) thoſe delicious returns----thoſe kind looks----thoſe gentle languiſhings----thoſe ſweet, complying, half-diſſenting conteſts, between baſhfulneſs and approbation, with which they oftentimes charm us, when they perceive they are admired.

PRIDE plays the devil with a fine woman.---It drives away the darts of Cupid from her eyes;---the laughing loves that wiſh to ſport upon her countenance;---the graces from her deportment; and ſtamps upon her front, the horrid effects of *diſtance*, *diſlike*, and *diſdain*.----We look at her.

her as Pygmalion did upon his ſtatue. We admire the uninformed, ſtately maſs; and pray to the gods that it might have a ſoul.----We ſee an inanimated lump of perfection, while we ſicken at the view, and retire diſappointed and in pain.

Smiles, eternal ſmiles, ſhould dance upon the lovely cheeks of a beautiful lady.---Humility, and lowlineſs of ſpirit, which ſeem to preſs you for protection, charm and enſlave us; while haughtineſs and frowns produce no effect but contempt and averſion.

So---now I am got upon the women, I ſhall overrun my portrait of the inn.

----Pray,

---Pray, Mr. reader, did you never, when you were going very ſeriouſly about your buſineſs, meet a lady in the ſtreet, who chaſed every idea out of your head, but the lovely image of herſelf?---Did you never, in ſtaring like a fool at her, as ſhe paſſed by you, get an unlucky trip from a ſtone, which ſent you, ſtumbling and blundering, a moſt ridiculous figure, for ten yards together?---Have you not perceived on this occaſion, the ſpectators, but particularly the wicked baggage who was the cauſe of your diſaſter, laugh at your folly, with much comfort and ſatisfaction? ---I am ſure I have, to my great grief, met with ſuch an accident

many

many a time;---and many an impudent ſlut has been made happy by my diſtreſs; and ſkipped away exulting and tittering at the very miſchief ſhe produced.---

Now this is the caſe at preſent.---For no ſooner their ladyſhips jump out of their coaches, than away they hurry me from my ſober and lawful employments, and ſend me a wild-gooſe chace after their incomprehenſible concernments.---

But, egad! I am generally even with them: --for though I love and admire them more than any man in England, yet I can tell them of their faults----and pretty freely too.-----In

ſpite

ſpite of all that adulation, which they are accuſtomed to receive, from every writer, I will not only outſwear theſe complaiſant gentlemen, that they are the ſweeteſt creatures imaginable, but ſeriouſly expect that they ſhall be rational beings.

The ladies are commonly treated as we do children. They are flattered, careſſed, and ſpoiled:----and this makes ſo many of them ſo exceedingly childiſh all the days of their lives.----But enough---or I ſhall grow ſaucy.----I like them ſo well, after all, that I cannot bear they ſhould be any thing leſs than invincible perfection.----

----But

----But now for the inn.----

I have frequently obſerved a vacant wretch, in the midſt of a buſy ſcene, which affords the higheſt entertainment to a ſpeculative mind, ſaunter about, without one idea to keep his ſpirits alive, or ſleeping, for want of better employment, at the time when the various characters of men, call forth the particular attention of every individual.

I know nothing which excites more agreeable reflections, upon the manners of mankind, than the univerſal ſtruggle for ſuperiority and importance, which fires the breaſts

of

of the moſt inſignificant blockheads, when they get from home, and mix indifferently with ſtrangers.

You ſhall ſee a 'prentice boy, who, every week, is ſeverely diſciplined by his maſter, ſtrut, and call about him, at an inn, like the verieſt tyrant imaginable.

A poor devil, who dares not ſay his ſoul's his own, before his wife, will damn the waiters, attempt to kick the maids, abuſe the miſtreſs, bully the maſter, and ſwagger like an emperor, at an inn.

A ſtupid lout of a farmer's ſon, who, like a ſcoundrel cur, generally drops

drops his tail, and ſkulks about the fields of his father, will put up his horſe, with a pitiful effrontery, and in the company of his ſuperiors, diſcover an awkward pride and ſelf-ſufficiency, too glaring to eſcape the notice of an idiot; and much more diverting than hob in the well, or the peerleſs affectation of the party-coloured miſcreants.

----Theſe animals have a diverting way with them, of hanging down their heads.-----They appear conſcious of their meanneſs, and ſeem afraid to look a gentleman in the face; but are prone, upon all occaſions, to inſult and abuſe him.----- They exhibit a lurking, diſtant inſolence

lence---a vile ſpecies of *blackguardiſm*, more abominable than the Billingſgate kind, or any other, in which our common people are ſo exceedingly expert.

It is very pleaſant to take notice of the manner, in which, almoſt every perſon puts his beſt looks on at an inn.----

O! it is inexpreſſibly delightful to obſerve the *ſmall gentry* ſtrut down the yard to feed their horſes.

What an air!----

-----And then they call out for the hoſtler, with ſuch fury planted upon

upon their dreadful viſages--- that you cannot help being rather frightened ----- though the devil of any hoſtler takes the leaſt notice of the matter, until it happens that he has nothing elſe to do.-----And then, if they preſume to roar at him, for his impertinent delay, which is frequently the caſe, he will execute their commands, in ſuch a lazy, growling, ſlovenly, indifferent, contemptuous way, that theſe haughty, important folks, are commonly worſted in the conteſt ; and get nothing by their preſumption, but convincing proofs, that nobody miſtakes their characters, but themſelves.

----The

---The *real gentleman* is known at firſt ſight.---His commands are given with the marks of ſolicitation and requeſt.---The ſervants make way for him with pleaſure and ſubmiſſion;---while no one ſeems more obliged, more humble, nor more ſatisfied than himſelf.---He looks every perſon full in the face, with an aſpect of benignity and good-will.---He neither ſtares with impertinence, nor turns his face away with that offenſive air of pride and low-breeding, ſo common among the *upſtarts* in life.---His heart appears in his eyes, honeſt, open, and liberal.---He ſeems ready to do you ſervice; and aſſured that he deſerves

ſerves your eſteem. ----- While the falſe pretender to this glorious title of the *real gentleman*, ſkulks away as if fearful you ſhould aſk him a favour; and ſeems aſhamed of himſelf or conſcious of ſome crime.----

For my part, when I ſee ſuch a *diſtant* carriage as this, in a man of fortune, I look upon him according to his appearance, and take it for granted, that he is a RASCAL.

CHAP. XXXIV.

HUNGER diſcovers the worſt ſide of human nature.----We grow brutiſh as we become ſtarved; and, when driven to very preſſing neceſſities for food, we are terrible ſavages indeed.

It is a ſhocking and diſguſtful matter, to ruminate upon, with a full belly, that men, when deprived of meat, ſhould gnaw their own fleſh:----Or that when a number of the human ſpecies are ready to die with hunger, they ſhould glance at each

each other, with jealous eyes, and craving appetites, with ardent wiſhes to plunge the dagger into the breaſt of a fellow ſufferer, and feaſt upon his body.

Theſe are melancholy facts, which hiſtory and tradition prove :—but, more particularly, our own experience among voluptuaries, or thoſe who are fond of *jolly doings*, will render this ſeemingly *paradoxical aphoriſm, delectably perſpicuous, inconteſtably evident, and the paragon of poſitions.*----

----There's a cloſe----zounds !----

It is a cruel thing, that when a man begins to reflect upon good eat-

ing and good eaters, an alderman muſt immediately pop into his head ---and eſpecially a London alderman.

Moraliſts have been ſo accuſtomed to ſet up within the *bills of mortality*, that every thing they write ſavours of the *town* :----all their ideas are hackneyed in the ſame ſtyle, from the *Spectator* down to the very dregs of literature, in the *poets corner* of a news-paper.

Now, I'll venture to affirm, that the pariſh officers in the country are ſuperior in their avidity and delight over a feaſt, than the whole court of the city-aldermen put together: and diſcover more of the ſavage temper

in

in them, hinted at above, than was ever proved to exiſt in the others, notwithſtanding they have been ſo ſcandalouſly abuſed.

Nay, ſir,—I'll take but a few of the country conſtables, overſeers, or church-wardens; and mix them indifferently, with ſome hearty ſhop-keepers, to the number of about forty; and ſet them before a plentiful table of ſubſtantials; and they ſhall make ſuch havock with the good things of this life, that, were the aldermen of London preſent at the entertainment, I'll anſwer for it, they ſhould not only be entirely put out of countenance, but tremble for their own carcaſſes.

There is ſomething extremely terrible in the appearance of a large company, in a great room, at an inn, juſt as dinner comes upon the table.---

The anxiety of mind every perſon is in, leſt he ſhould not get a good place ---- leſt the beſt diſhes ſhould not come near him---leſt the veniſon ſhould be eaten while he devours the fiſh----leſt, by ſwallowing the pudding, he ſhould loſe the pig ----and ſo on---ſtamps upon his face ſuch a ſavage and vitious look, that forty people, with the like horrible countenances, are enough to terrify a band of gladiators, a gang

of

of cut-throats, or forty-thouſand executioners.

Wolves over their prey cannot be more voracious, nor appear more dreadful to a ſpectator, than a number of the middling ſort of people at a feaſt; to which, each individual pays an equal proportion, and where, in conſequence of it, all reſtraint is totally laid aſide.

---The eagerneſs with which every man helps himſelf--- the reluctance he diſcovers in aſſiſting his neighbour----the keen glances which he darts from one end of the table to the other, fearing the beſt things will be gone before he has emptied his

plate----the hurry this, conſequently, puts him into----together with the jealous and malicious looks which flaſh from the eyes of all around him, denoting the general wiſh, that every man's next mouthful may be his laſt ----puts it paſt a doubt, that HOMER himſelf could not find a ſimile bold enough to paint to the life, ſuch a crew of ravenous and inſatiable monſters.

I remember a ſtory of a club, which a facetious old gentleman uſed to tell us, and ſwear to the truth of it, that will, if ſome of the *merry jeſters* have not laid hold of it, illuſtrate, and corroborate my aſſertions with a vengeance.

The

The members of this ſociety exerted their voracious and ſavage natures, at their quarterly feaſts, to ſuch a degree, that none of them ever eſcaped without ſeveral dreadful cuts upon the fingers :----and ſuch were the ardour and cloſe attention of theſe heroes to buſineſs, that one day in particular, a gentleman, in plunging his knife into a *giblet pie*, took a finger from his oppoſite neighbour ----which fell, and mixed with the *giblets*.----The opponents were too much engaged to *perceive*, or *feel* the misfortune immediately ---- and the conqueror filled his plate with the uſual diſpatch.---But, as he was gnawing, and ſucking, and rolling about

his mouth, a *giblet*, as he thought, the mutilated hero on the other ſide, obſerving the matter, roared out---hollow!----G— d—n your blood, you have got my finger in your mouth!---

----This accident threw the company into ſome conſternation----they grew rather ſerious upon the affair; and thought it high time to come to ſome wholeſome regulations reſpecting the matter.----

They elected the unfortunate combatant preſident for life, as a compenſation for his loſs---and gave him all the honours due to his intrepidity and patience.----They unanimouſly voted that the fingers of the

the members, for the future, ſhould be caſed with TIN at their feaſts, in order to prevent the like calamities ----and that for ever afterward the ſociety ſhould go under the denomination of the TIN FINGERED CLUB.

CHAP. XXXV.

THERE can be no true happineſs in ſociety where there is RESTRAINT; nor any real felicity, without DECENCY and GOOD MANNERS.

The laſt of theſe poſitions is ſufficiently exemplified in the preceding chapter; and the firſt may be proved by a view of the polite world.

In that great circle, civility and complaiſance, are refined into parade and ſlaviſh compliance; while,

on the contrary, among ordinary people, freedom and independence, border upon impertinence and brutality.

In order to bring theſe things to a ſpeedy concluſion, I muſt own, that were I an abſolute monarch, I would puniſh the *petit-maitres* of faſhion, with bridewell and flagellation; and make impudence felony without benefit of clergy.

There is certainly ſomething extremely grateful to a good heart, in acts of benevolence and complacency;----in yielding up many deſires and inclinations, for the advantage or pleaſure of others: but when this becomes

becomes habitual, upon every triffing occaſion, as in the great world, a man muſt loſe his ſenſibility before he can be eaſy; and grow callous to the importunity of his feelings as faſt as he improves in the character of a fine gentleman.

It is impoſſible to give up one's own liberty, with pleaſure, without ſome cauſe equal in conſideration to the diſagreeableneſs of the effects.

I would give up many things for the company of a fine woman, who was ſprightly in her converſation, and happy in her diſpoſition, which I ſhould be ſorry to do for every girl I meet.----But, in the polite world,

world, if you would cut a figure, you muſt be all ſubmiſſion-----you muſt be at every body's beck, and never preſume to do any thing for yourſelf.

There is a propriety of manners, much boaſted of among the people of faſhion, which they never loſe ſight of; and, which, I am fearful, is all they can ſet againſt the want of ſociableneſs, friendſhip, hoſpitality, and eaſe.

As the great buſineſs of this life conſiſts of eating and drinking, let us take notice of ſome of the requiſites, to appear properly at a polite gentleman's table, at dinner, in contradiſtinction

tradiſtinction to the club-entertainment, where this propriety of deportment takes place of every other conſideration.

The principal concern here is not WHAT you ſhall eat, but HOW you ſhall eat----according to certain rules which are as ſacred as your creed; and which, if you offend, worſe than excommunication will be the conſequence.

Now, the manner of eating, or HOW you ſhall eat, is, whether it muſt be done with your elbows preſſed cloſe to your ſides; or kept at a convenient diſtance, ſo as to enable you to do juſtice to yourſelf, without

without annoying your neighbour. ----This laſt is a very good rule, and ought to paſs---for it is highly abſurd to ſee a country looby, ſitting about half a yard from the table, with his arms ſpread like the wings of an enraged turkey-cock, and, at every mouthful, thruſting his elbows againſt the ribs of another.----

And then you muſt take care what you are about-----for perhaps there may not be a diſh upon the table, but what is diſguiſed in ſuch a manner, that you will be totally ignorant of its contents---ſo that when you are politely ſolicited to have any thing, you may be poiſoned by your conſent; or diſcover

ſuch

ſuch a fooliſh face of perplexity, as will ruſticate you for ever among the great.----

Beſides, if you are not over clever, what will you do when a lady deſires you to ſend her ſomething, which is before you, that you don't underſtand? ----- You muſt cut a charming figure in ſuch a ſituation: ---all your philoſophy, and reaſoning upon the inſignificancy of the matter, will avail you nothing here. Though you might ſend the diſh, with the whole contents, to the lady, without doing her the leaſt injury; yet not all the anxiety to pleaſe, which you may diſcover in the

the act, will ſave you from contempt and deriſion.----

Don't caſt too many wiſhful looks at the baniſhed ſirloin, upon the ſideboard, nor make too free with it ----for this will diſcover that you are not uſed to dainties, and ſink your reputation for ever.----

You muſt not drink much table beer, nor porter, though you have been a foxhunting; for that ſavours of the clown, and will ruin you.---- But you muſt call for "two glaſſes of wine," with as many of the company as your conſequence will admit of----and drink with every body that aſks

aſks you, though it be ever ſo much againſt your inclination.----

Take care how you eruct, for God's ſake; and eſpecially be mindful of the ſervants:----for if you are not of much importance in the houſe, they will take no notice of your wants ----and to bawl for aſſiſtance will put the table into confuſion.----

Never clap your hands upon your plate, when the party-coloured gentlefolk attempt to ſnatch it away from you---for it is better they ſhould deprive you of what you like, than you ſhould commit ſuch an awkward outrage upon decorum.

There

There is a manner of drinking to the ladies and gentlemen preſent, which I am afraid it will be difficult for you to acquire;----don't ſpeak loud by any means---it is better, if you can catch their eyes, to bow and ſay nothing.

If a *lord* be your hoſt, don't bellow out----my lord---your lordſhip's good health;----but mince the matter, and ſay----my *lad*---I have the honour to drink your *ladſhip*'s good health.----

Don't make too free with the *deſſert*, if you are not ſure of your hand---for ſhould you pop ſome

ice-

ice-cream into your mouth, without knowing it, what a ſhameful thing it would be to behold you, ſuddenly clap your hand againſt your chops, as boys do when they ſwallow hot pudding.----

Take care when the cloth is drawn, to obſerve the method of drinking.---Don't call for any ale, though you prefer it to burgundy---and be ſure you drink the "good health and friends" of every perſon ſeparately---though the repetition of it in a large company makes it odious, futile, and abſurd.

When this ceremony is over, which I have given you but a ſlight touch

touch of, and you get into the regular train of toaſting, your heart will be at eaſe; as there is little difficulty in the matter --- only I would have you, when you addreſs a perſon, never ſpeak plain, nor mind what you ſay, ſo it be done with a *grace*.----Avoid, of all things, the being clear and diſtinct in your expreſſions, or to the purpoſe in your ideas---for if that is the caſe nobody will liſten to you.

I would adviſe you to lay aſide ſerious or improving converſation entirely---and whenever you have a mind to ſhine, you muſt aſſert, with a poſitive and conſequential air, that *burgundy* is the prince of liquors----

champaign

champaign is exquiſite----and *claret* is tolerable;---but as for your *port*---O! daam me---ſhocking!---

If you would praiſe a wit in vogue, ſay he is a *monſtrous* clever fellow----and you like him *amazingly*.---- Pledge every aſſertion of ſuch vaſt importance as the above, with your honour.---- O! there is nothing like exclaiming----it is true UPON MY HONOUR!----

In ſhort---if you would blaze out in high life, diveſt yourſelf of every thing you learned at the ſchools---all the ideas you have crouded into your mind, by a cloſe application to the ſtudy of the claſſics, and copy the

the greateſt fool in company.---For, to the honour of my country, I muſt take leave to obſerve, that chattering, inſignificant, obſequious coxcombs, make the beſt figure among the GREAT---while men of ſenſe are ſuſpected, diſliked, and forſaken!

Thus the whole art of arriving at fame, in the faſhionable world, conſiſts in a ſtrict obſervance of CEREMONY--which is much better adapted to the talents of a monkey, than a man of underſtanding.---Let others make the inference if they pleaſe.---I ſhall only add, that however odious and ridiculous the behaviour of thoſe may appear who chace every principle of decency and good manners

from the feſtive board; yet they cannot be farther off the accompliſhments of genuine politeneſs and good breeding, than the ſlaves of faſhion, the dupes of ceremony, and the BABOONS OF MANKIND.

CHAP. XXXVI.

HONOUR has been ſaid to conſiſt of courage in the men, and chaſtity in the women.--- Now it is ridiculous enough to hear a *coward* or a *whore* ſay, when they aſſeverate,---" upon my honour"--- or more emphatically, (as *Stevens* has it) " *'pon onor.*"----

There is ſomething bold and forward in the phraſe, and when ſpoken by a lady it appears, in my humble opinion, rather maſculine---it ſhocks my delicacy, and puts me to the

bluſh confoundedly.----A lady ſhould never be more violent in her proteſtations, than " indeed and in double deed," it is ſo, or ſo.----

Beſides, if we examine a lady's honour, we ſhall find it a thing not to be ſpoken of----eſpecially by herſelf.----

A lady's honour conſiſts in her chaſtity----chaſtity conſiſts in (doctor Johnſon ſays) " purity of body"---- purity of body brings you to the part.----Is it the face, the neck, the boſom, the back, the feet, the legs ? ----take care.----

It

It would be extremely abſurd to ſay, madam, your face is very chaſte ---your back is very chaſte---or your feet are very chaſte-----altho' they might be very clean.----

Now ---- your "boſom" comes nearer the matter ---- but that muſt be covered, or it does not prompt the idea of chaſtity----and even then it is imperfect. The legs of a lady, with ſhort petticoats, puts you in mind of ſomething, I'll grant you, exactly oppoſite to chaſtity ---- but never of her purity. So that the doctor muſt mean, in his definition of chaſtity, when he calls it "purity of body," ſome part which the ladies have about them that is always

covered, and never mentioned.---- For I have gone, in naming the diviſions of a lady, to the very brink of my ruin, and have not hit upon her honour yet.

There is ſomething ſo perverſe in human nature, that what we dare not ſpeak, will ever be uppermoſt in our thoughts.----

I don't know how it is with the women, but, for my own part, whenever I hear a pretty lady ſay "upon my honour," my ideas ſtart as ſoon as the miſchievous words are out of her mouth, and fly, ſkipping her neck, breaſt, back, feet,

feet, legs, &c. immediately to her HONOUR.

It is very odd----but I can't help it----nor will the reader of this chapter, I preſume, get it out of his head as long as he lives---but whenever a lady exclaims "upon my honour," or "*'pon onor*," his thoughts, in ſpite of his teeth, will inſtantly fly to the very beſt part about her.----There they will ruminate and perplex him to death with a thouſand impertinent ſuggeſtions.

The direction of our eyes, no more than our thoughts, is not at all times in our own power. -- We cannot help looking at a beautiful

object, nor even a diſagreeable one, if there be any thing particular in either----and I dare ſay, if a lady's HONOUR were expoſed to view, we could not keep our eyes off it for the univerſe.

So extremely whimſical is the operation of our minds, that I make no doubt but there has been a great deal of miſchief done in the world, by an injudicious correction of the morals of our youth of both ſexes. ----Preach inceſſantly to a girl about her principal virtue---chaſtity---and her ideas will be conſtantly fixed upon her HONOUR.----Let the child alone, and ſhe will only think of it occaſionally.

It is very dangerous to be inculcating, and inculcating, the principles of virtue.----You fix the attention eternally upon vice; and make thoſe crimes familiar to the mind, which otherwiſe it would ſhudder at and avoid.

Suppoſe, for inſtance, a polite circle of ladies and gentlemen were playing at *loo*, or *Pope-joan*;----their attention would be entirely engroſſed by the cards----how to cheat a little ----and exult over the loſſes of the unfortunate.----Suppoſe, in the midſt of this very innocent paſtime, a gentleman, by way of moralizing, ſhould introduce a ſtory of an

exceedingly virtuous woman, who withſtood the attacks of three different knights ſucceſſively, and came off without a wound.----The ladies would be thinking all the while of their HONOUR, and the gentlemen enjoying their confuſion.

Our moralizing noveliſts, who write profeſſedly to ſecure the chaſtity of our virgins, have ſuch a vaſt quantity of it in their compoſitions, that a girl who delights herſelf in reading them, is never eaſy until ſhe jumps out of her chamber window, into the arms of the firſt young fellow who will undertake the care and management of her HONOUR.

Thus,

Thus, you ſee, it is a bad thing to be over wiſe and cautious.---Let the mind range without reſtraint, and it will fix its attention upon nothing in particular.----Take a girl who has been ſuffered to run up and down the town, mixing indifferently in every innocent diverſion, and lock her up for the ſake of her HONOUR; you ſet her immediately a poring over it --- ſhamefully --- and ſhe will ruin herſelf, without redemption, the very firſt opportunity.

CHAP. XXXVII.

"----THAT all this world's a pageantry."

I remember hearing a fat fellow ſing a ſong, with the above line in it, which I ſhould certainly have prefixed as a motto to this chapter, had I not been ſo often poiſoned with the indiſcriminate uſe of them.

Since we have juſt been upon the ſubject of CEREMONY, I cannot help paying my reſpects to a ſpecies of

of animals, with which the earth abounds, that, to be ſure, will be ſcandaliſed at my taking the liberty to rank them among the BABOONS OF MANKIND.

I deſire the reader will not let his ideas run too faſt----for it is twenty to one whether he fixes them upon the right ſet of creatures, in this caſe, until I honour him with an explanation.

We have to do now with ſomething above the common ſtandard. ----I am not going to divert the reader with the *petit-maitres*, alias *macaronies*, nor the wicked women of the land; but with the *grave*, the

the *ſedate*, the *ſerious*, the *important*, the *ſenſible*, and the *wiſe*.

What wonderful reputations have been acquired with a ſmall ſtock of knowledge, very moderate abilities, but with a ſtrict obſervance of thoſe common arts in life, by which a very weak man frequently impoſes himſelf upon his neighbours, as an extremely reſpectable character!

There is a ſort of men remarkable for never doing any thing wrong—or right.—That is—they have a WAY with them, which excludes every idea of error or rectitude.——There is nothing in their deportment, out of place; and yet there is nothing in

place.

place.——They are ſo abſurdly ceremonious, that they appear at one and the ſame time, both anxious for the eaſe and comfort of every individual in their company ; and ſo careleſs of any perſon's fate, that you may be aſſured they would ſee you hanged without the leaſt emotion.——They wont ſit down in half an hour after they enter a room, for fear of diſturbing the very people they would ſend to the devil for a penny.—They inquire with much civility, after the health of every individual, when it would not give them the leaſt pain, if the whole company were infeſted with the p—x.---They are very complaiſant, in particular to the ladies—with whom they are ſure to ingratiate themſelves,

themſelves, without the power or inclination to do them the main ſervice.——They tell the time of the day with much ſolemnity; and talk of the weather in a very maſterly manner.——They will run over a *cock* and a *bull* ſtory, for an hour together, and be as circumſtantial in trifling matters, as you would be in the private anecdotes of Peter the great, or the grand Seignior's ſeraglio.——They ſit in an exact poſition; and never offend your ſight with unſeemly ſtretchings, yawnings, and the like.——They are ſeldom heard to laugh—but they will "ſmile and ſmile, and be the villain."

Men

Men of common intellects, and few ideas, with ſtore of patience, are, in general, pleaſed with the company of theſe monſters.——For they never offend by violence of any kind;—but go on, with one filly tale or another, as ſlowly and as regularly as the clock.—Their language is neither high nor low.—There is nothing in their ſubjects, either to elevate or depreſs. No flights of wit to make you laugh; nor any thing which borders upon indecency to ſhock the imagination; but you have a continued monotony of ſounds and ſenſe—a lullaby humdrum ſeries of joyleſs matter, cloathed in trite phraſeology,

and

and perfectly adapted to the GAPERS and SWALLOWERS of mankind.

Whenever I am ſo unfortunate as to be drawn into the company of ſuch people as theſe, I find myſelf abſolutely fixed in the ſtocks——for you cannot move an inch, without being looked upon as a ſlovenly indecent fellow.——The firſt ſymptom of diſtreſs, I feel in this deplorable condition, is a violent pain in my back—attended with ſinkings, and lowneſs of ſpirits.—I ſigh dreadfully; groan inwardly; and think of the diſſolution of all things.—I never liſten to a word that is ſaid, for three hours ſucceſſively—but I have oftentimes been relieved, by watching the ſprightly

ſprightly countenance of a beautiful female, who has been ſtitching in one corner of the room.

Theſe are excellent fellows at the game of whiſt----at which they will pore inceſſantly, and never feel the pangs of diſquietude.

----From dinner till tea, and from tea till ſupper, they are always the ſame.---They will eat by rule; drink ſo many glaſſes of wine; and do what is more than all the reſt----they will ſit *ſtock* ſtill half a day together.

Should a vagabond of a young whelp, one of thoſe ſprightly ſpirits juſt ſtarted into life, who thinks himſelf

himſelf the fineſt, and moſt clever fellow in the univerſe, burſt in upon a company of ſuch men as I have been deſcribing, and ſeat himſelf, with his uſual air of indifference among them-----ſpreading his legs, lolling his arms, and ſtaring at every perſon, with his face of vacancy and braſs; what, in the name of G—, would they think of him? or what would they do with themſelves?----- In fact I don't know------the decorum of a private houſe never admitting of ſuch liberties; and, as to the public, theſe gentlemen are ſeldom ſeen in mixed companies.

Theſe are the very beings, that gain the general character of GOOD

SORT

SORT OF MEN.----Their ſeeming apathy prevents their giving offence, while their complaiſance enſures them good-will:----- And, without one real good quality of either the head or the heart, they are ſure to make their way in the world, feaſt upon the good things of this life, and leave the witty, the ſprightly, and the truly ſenſible, to enjoy their jokes over a *cold ſhoulder of mutton, and warm potatoes.*----

----I'd rather it were a *knuckle of veal and bacon*----for, thank God! I am not entitled to the *mutton.*

CHAP. XXXVIII.

IT is ſaid that the mind of man, uncultivated, is a very nonſenſical affair.

Now, upon my word, I am of a very different opinion.----For take a youth of two and twenty, and examine his acquirements, you, perhaps, will find them amount to little or nothing; but appeal to his own judgment, in the caſe, and he is the ſummit of all perfection.----He will never have ſo good an opinion of himſelf, as at the time when you

ſay

ſay he ought to be the moſt humble and ſubmiſſive.----

----Pray who ſhould know beſt----he, or you?----It is very odd a man cannot tell what paſſes within himſelf better than another perſon.----

This ſelf-conviction is the ſtandard by which we ought to judge----and whenever I perceive a man, eſpecially a young one, think himſelf clever, I take it for granted that he knows more of the matter than myſelf, and reſpect him accordingly.

Beſides, it is a plain thing to me, that the world hath been in the wrong ever ſince the beginning of it;

it; and will continue ſo until this chapter makes its appearance for the benefit of mankind.

It has been always looked upon, that we are fools at twenty-two, wiſer at thirty-five, and philoſophers at ſixty.-----Upon my honour I have taken vaſt pains in my reſearches, and find it quite otherwiſe.----For, according to the preſent mode of improvement, I am thoroughly convinced, that from the firſt period to the laſt, we move retrograde.---- We are all perfection at twenty-two, rather ſilly at thirty-five, and quite fooliſh at ſixty. Or, in other words, more emphatical, we are *terrible devils* at twenty-two, *poor devils* at thirty-

thirty-five, and *miſerable devils* at ſixty.

Now let any man gainſay this if he can.---If he does, I'll place him in the company of a parcel of *young devils*, whoſe converſation ſhall have ſuch weight with him, that he dares not ſay his ſoul's his own---ſo full are they of conviction.

Why, I never heard a doubt uttered, nor even inſinuated, by a *young devil*, but that he was acquainted with every thing upon the face of the earth; and that every man, more advanced in years than himſelf, but eſpecially an old man, was an arrant blockhead.

You cannot find, among our *terrible devils*, the leaſt want of knowledge or capacity. It would be as much as your life is worth to offer them advice.----The leaſt ſhadow of a pretence to detect them in error, would incur their vengeance; and draw upon you the feelings of the whip, the terrors of the horſepond, or ſome pungent apprehenſions about your noſtrils.

They are ſo ſure of the rectitude of their morals, their compleat acquaintance with every thing of moment, and the impoſſibility of their committing miſtakes, that they are extremely deciſive in their determinations. They are as quick as thought

thought — nay quicker — for they outſtrip it—and will never brook the leaſt imputed impropriety in their actions.

Pray do you often ſee in a young man, any marks of diffidence? any apprehenſions about him, that he, probably, may expoſe ſome imperfection? does he look as if he were in pain for himſelf? — or does he not look in general, however he may appear to you, quite ſatisfied and convinced, that all his parts are fair, ſound, and in full vigour?—

To be ſure your ſhamefaced, baſhful dogs of two and twenty, cut a ridiculous figure enough, in compariſon with the others; and may

grow wiſer the longer they live; fill up important ſtations in life, to the credit of themſelves, and the ſervice of their country; and die lamented and revered:—but as for the TERRIBLE DEVILS, it is evident that their mighty and deſpotic reign, however brilliant, is but of ſhort duration.—They certainly (which is the baſis of my argument) travel backwards.—They flaſh away like lightening, bellow like thunder, and are the fineſt gentlemen in the land at two and twenty — but towards thirty the ſtorm ceaſes — at thirty-five they ſink into a kind of oblivion —and, if they eſcape the rot, they fill the eaſy chair at ſixty---doſe away the contemptible remains of a meer exiſtence----and fall at laſt, like the dregs

dregs of polluted matter, among the miſerable relicks of a church-yard——

With

HERE lyeth the body of TIMOTHY TITMOUSE, who departed this life the 27th of December, 1774.
Aged 65.

Ye Childern deer, and Pearents all,
Take heed, for JETH takes boeth
grete and ſmal.——

CHAP. XXXIX.

STRIP the maſk off the monſter, and lay him open to the inſpection of mankind, and the *fox* will prove a *lamb*, the *wolf* a *ſheep*, and the *lion* an *aſs*.

What a droll figure a phyſician would cut, if he were to viſit a patient bald-pated; eſpecially if he were *prick-ear'd*?

----Now it is reckoned a beauty, in an *aſs*, to be *prick-ear'd*----and I cannot find out the reaſon, why theſe

theſe ornaments ſhould be in ſuch diſrepute among the *faculty*, that they ſhould cover them with ſuch a monſtrous heap of *horſehair*.

I dare not ſay any thing of the parſons in this caſe, becauſe they have an excluſive right to ſhield the *typical* part, as well as they can, from the obſervation of their flock.

The trappings of ſcience, like the furbelows of a courteſan, appear comely in the eyes of the ſpectator, but cover a deal of groſs matter and pollution.

----A man entered in the liſt of the learned, wears the decorations of the order, and is wiſe by preſcription.----

I wonder what we ſhould do with half the profeſſional gentry in the land, if we were to oblige them to produce any other right, but that of a nominal one, to a pre-eminence in knowledge or abilities.

----PRUDENCE is a glorious thing! ----Let a fooliſh doctor of divinity, law, or phyſick, ſeat himſelf in his chair, with the trappings of ſcience hanging dangling by his ſide, and his reputation is fairly eſtabliſhed---- But if he has not prudence enough to hold his peace; and if his evil genius ſhould prompt him, in ſome unlucky hour, to lay bare his deformity, the *brayings* of the *aſs*, and the *bleatings* of the *ſheep*, will attend him with ſorrow to the grave.

I have

I have often been diverted with the extravagant veneration, which the GAPERS and SWALLOWERS of mankind have expreſſed for ſuch of the *literati*, who have had juſt adroitneſs ſufficient to dazzle the multitude with the ſolemnity and parade of ſuperior powers, and prudence enough never to bring them fairly to the teſt----at the ſame time I have been ſorely concerned for the profound and aſpiring among the *wiſe*, who have been ſo ſilly as to quit the ſure hold of impoſition, and by an illfavoured effort of genius, lay themſelves open to the deriſion of their adorers.

Theſe are the gentlemen, of all others, whoſe province it is to turn CRITICS.---Men who cannot write are the dread of authors; and the ſtandards by which thoſe who can neither *read* nor *write*, judge of the merits of the *paper-ſcratchers*.

---Pardon me, *meſſieurs reviewers*---I don't mean you.---I do aſſure you, upon the word and credit of a gentleman, I will never begin firſt---but if you ſhould be uncivil, why----perhaps I may do you the honour to ---(incloſe you in a parentheſis)---

CHAP. XL.

CRITICISM is a noble art in the hands of the truly learned and ingenious.----It is a ſcience that requires not only the higheſt degree of knowledge and capacity, but a greatneſs of ſoul ſuperior to the influence of intereſt, or prejudice; reſentment, friendſhip, or affection.---- It is the province of a demi-god to judge of the writings of men; where individuals alone are concerned; and where they may be ſo materially injured by the abuſe of a power, which ſhould never be truſted or relied upon, but when it is in the poſ-

ſeſſion of men of known and approved abilities, honour, and integrity.

A man may laſh the vices and follies of the age, until his heart aches, without doing either good or harm; or being attended to in the moſt trifling degree: but there are men enough in the world, who will greedily devour private detraction, and feaſt upon the imputed failings of their betters.

There is not, in any profeſſion whatſoever, ſo great an open for abuſe, as in the accounts the learned may take upon themſelves to give of new publications.----

Setting

Setting aſide the neceſſary qualities of the true critic, with reſpect to his head, the greateſt danger lies about his heart---if that is not ſomething more than honeſt, as a human being, it will certainly influence the other, and warp the judgment to the vileſt purpoſes.

Let us ſuppoſe, for inſtance, that there could be in nature, ſuch a vile ſet of reptiles as garreteer critics, who made a hackney trade of this ſcience, and dealt out praiſe or blame juſt as it agreed with their common intereſt: and let us, at the ſame time, imagine a country ſo loſt to every ſentiment of honour, as to devour the invectives of ſuch vermin.

With

With reſpect to falſe praiſe, there is nothing ſo eaſily detected.---We are backward in admitting it, even where it is really due; and where it is unmerited, we ſoon perceive the cheat.---But we have, God help us! excellent ſtomachs for cenſure.---We ſtand with half-cocked mouths, ready to receive it---and down it goes like the food of a *ſhark*.---It is no matter how groſs or fulſome---how falſe or abſurd.---So it be cenſure, and that of a private nature, it is enough.---We digeſt it with as much comfort as we do roaſt-beef and plumb-pudding; and enjoy the reflection of it with the ſame degree of ſelf-ſatisfaction.

Praiſe

Praiſe indeed we will admit, and give it where it is not due, when it is obliquely aimed as cenſure againſt the preſent object in view.-----If a man knows you have excellence, or that you are a candidate for fame in any art, he will certainly caſt his eyes upon ſomebody elſe, and praiſe the greateſt blockhead upon earth for the meer ſake of your mortification.

Thus, with ſuch appetites, how eaſily may we be impoſed upon!---- What excellent food are we, in our turn, for the abandoned in literature, to feaſt upon!----- And with what facility ſuch monſters as I have been only ſuppoſing to exiſt, might mangle every production of genius!

Is

Is a work of merit to be cenſured ---how eaſy to find faults!----Give the worſt part of it as a ſpecimen, and the man is injured.----But if this wont do, make nonſenſe of it by unfair extracts.----*Point* it to your purpoſe, and cloſe a paragraph in the middle of a ſentence.----Then make uſe of ſome trite ſarcaſm, and the buſineſs is over.

But as this, you will ſay, may be going too far, unleſs you are ſure to damn it by ſuch means, and prevent, by ſtopping the ſale of the book, a detection; pick out ſome blunders with reſpect to grammar or expreſſion, which, wherever the fire of genius is concerned, will often

ten happen, and ſwear it is all of a piece.----

Get ſome jolly fellow who is uſed to punning in a porter-houſe, and caſt off a ſquib or two of his, as occaſion may ſuit, in order to make the folks *laugh*.

Then play upon the author's own words, which, by warping and ſtretching them a bit, is the readieſt thing imaginable---and force them by ſome means or other, no matter how, into ridicule.

O! you might tear *Addiſon*'s *Cato* into a thouſand pieces by theſe means, and with as much tranquility

lity too as a critic would diſpatch a a mutton chop.

However, if it ſhould ſo happen that you really cannot make much of it in the way I have adviſed---ſend it to the devil in a lump.----Pick out ſome emphatical phraſes from *Smollet*, who was a good hand at a three word criticiſm, and diſpatch it at once.

This method of doing the buſineſs will ſave a world of plague and trouble.----For when you get into a labyrinth, and are poſed, perplexed, and curſedly out of humour with the beſt book in England, ----announce to the public, with the inſolence of an upſtart critical baſhaw, that it is

"Senſeleſs

" Senſeleſs and ſpiritleſs----utterly void of meaning, ſentiment, and diction--- low, pitiful, and abſurd."

Poo! Poo!---this is enough for a *folio*----half as much will do for the generality of authors now-a-days ----though I believe there are many *tedious* ones in the world.----

Tedious!---That's a ſpecial hit---- and perfectly in the ſtyle of *true* criticiſm.

Of all the ſpecies of authors, never ſpare a ſatiriſt----Level all your rage and detraction againſt a writer, who, if he were ſuffered to live, might produce another DUNCIAD.

There

There is nothing like catching *inſidiouſly*, at an author's own words in order to condemn him:----- and I would lay a wager, that if ſuch a band of critics as I am now addreſſing, really flouriſhed in the land, and that this book, and particularly this very part of it which I am now writing, was the fineſt ſatire in the univerſe, they would ſnap at the above ſentence like mad dogs, and give it to the world as a juſt and competent criticiſm upon the whole of my performance.

They might, perhaps, annex a fling at my advice to them, never to ſuffer a ſatiriſt to live a moment for fear of another Dunciad; and pronounce

pronounce, by way of prognoſtic, that, inſtead of my writing one, I ſhould cut a very reſpectable figure in it.

By Jove! I think I ſhould make an excellent critic myſelf----in the *ſmall* way.----I ſhould like to get into a good ſquabble very well-----where I could let looſe a confounded deal of ſpleen----and try my ſkill at invective:----But, hang it, it is dirty work.-----It is better to be at peace with all mankind.

----I am glad our *reviewers* are ſo TAME----ſo unlike the picture I have been drawing---and ſuch well wiſhers to every effort of merit, as to prove the indulgent parents of ſo many hopeful children.----

They

They have been known to the world for five and twenty years---- and each individual of them, I dare ſay, hath produced numberleſs ſpecimens of his own particular merit, excluſive of his criticiſms, in order to eſtabliſh his right to ſuch an extenſive dominion over the works of other men, as to preſume to decide their fate in the opinion of the public.

Theſe great *geniuſſes*, whoſe *perſons*, as well as accompliſhments are ſo univerſally known and admired, poſſeſs ſuch a goodneſs of heart, that they cannot be *rancorous* or *illnatured* ----for the raſcals, my ſuppoſed garreteers, would ſay of them by way of compliment, that their CENSURE

appears

appears only as *flea-ordure* upon a *lady's-ſmock*; while their PRAISE is perfectly proportioned, in *ſtyle* and *delicacy*, to the compoſing ſtrains of

CRITIC JOBSON'S SONNET.

"Down by a cryſtal river's ſide,
"Where little fiſhes they do glide—
"Where tender lambkins ſport and play,
"And throſtles whiſtle all the day;—
"There I EXAMIN'D *Iſabel*,
"And found ſhe was more blithe than *Nell*;
"More fragrant than the bluſhing roſe,
"Or *Peggy Polecat*'s red-clock'd hoſe;
"More *coming* far than *Cockburn*'s cow,
"Or *Jeff'ry Slathem*'s wayward ſow;
"When *Nancy*'s bull, and *Betſy*'s boar,
"Do friſk and grunt, and rant and roar."

CHAP. XLI.

WHEN I caſt my eye upon ſome of the foregoing chapters, where I affect to be ſo exceedingly merry, it puts me in mind of thoſe ſtories which the tellers of them ſay, will make you "all die a laughing:"---but, unfortunately, like many of our novel writers, where they attempt to break every body's heart, the effect turns out quite contrary to the author's expectation:---For, peradventure, the noveliſt finds the reader laughing ready to crack his ſides, at the moſt ſhocking part of his hiſtory,---while the

the liſtener to the merry ſtory-teller is in tears!

When I look over the former pages, wherein I exclaim againſt the folly of our youth, who turn their convivial meetings into the moſt ridiculous buffoonery imaginable, it brings to my memory many of thoſe ſcenes which I have been a witneſs to, when graver heads than mine, notwithſtanding my apparent gravity and taciturnity, have aſſiſted in a converſation and deportment, altogether unworthy the character of rational beings, for the meer ſake of keeping up an *idle laugh*, at the expence of common ſenſe, and every motive which ſhould urge the mind

to more ſublime and reſpectable entertainments.

I have often heard it mentioned, under this degradation of the human faculties, that it were a pity but ſome perſon behind the curtain, had taken a literal copy of our expreſſions and ſentiments, in order to preſent a glaſs before us fraught with our own depravity, and in which we might diſcover a retroſpect to ſhock the imagination, and reſtrain the ſenſes in future from wallowing in ſuch filthy matter.

For theſe very cogent reaſons, I have thought proper to produce my chapter of CHOICE SPIRITS——or, if you pleaſe, my chapter of OMNIS-*es*, alias

alias OMNES-*es*, alias OMNI-*asſes*----- which I deſire the hypercritics and grammarians, will take into their moſt ſerious conſideration, and write a FOLIO to prove the abſurdity of a man's attempting to carve a *pudding* who cannot cut up a *gooſe*----to write *Engliſh* without *Latin*----*Latin* without *Greek*----*Greek* without *Hebrew* ----or *Hebrew* without a perfect acquaintance with the language of the PATAGONIANS.

I honour the really learned, and truly religious, as much as I deſpiſe the affectation of ſcience, or ſacerdotal purity-----therefore I have been free, very free with the impoſtors in both caſes.

I have been ſevere upon the women becauſe I *love* them; and I have ridiculed the macaronies becauſe I *hate* them.

I have levelled all my rage againſt that CEREMONY which ſeems to be the whole buſineſs of our *polite* men of fortune, and their ſilly imitators, becauſe it has always appeared to me hateful in the ſight of every man of taſte in the kingdom: ----and I have ſtigmatiſed the brutality of the middling ſort of people at their feſtivals, purpoſely to put them in mind that they are *human* beings.

I have been rather violent in my cenſures, becauſe I am of opinion that

that mildneſs mixt with irony, and wit at a diſtance, will hardly reclaim one culprit upon the face of the earth.

----We are too much engaged in the flimſy coverings, and quaint conceits, of a *milkſop* ſatyriſt, to improve by the latent moral of his ſong. ----

I have been extremely general in my ſtrictures upon vice and folly, that I might avoid the imputation of *perſonality*:----and I have written like a *drawcanſir*, levelling all before me, in order to maintain the dictatorial infallibility of an author: ----but my heart would be ill at eaſe, if there were not good men enough

in the world, of all denominations, to counteract the bad, and to ſupport the dignity of human nature.

----Inſpired by this glorious conviction, my *nightingale* ſhall ſing among the WILDS of FANCY, the WORKS of NATURE, and the MANNERS of the *wiſe* and *virtuous*.---Animated by the protection of my very good friends and the public, I will continue the *Triſler*, and furniſh them with two volumes at a time, at ſuch periods as my health and ſpirits will admit of, and ſpend the beſt of my days in their ſervice.

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END OF VOL. II.